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Vol. I

Tommy Bounce, Jr., in College

By PETER PAD.

Author of "Tommy Bounce, Jr., a Chip of the Old Block," "The Shortys Married and Settled Down," "Bob Rollick; or, What Was He Born For?" "Ebenezer Crow," "Stump; or, Little, but Oh, My!" "Chips and Chin-Chin," "Stuttering Sam," "Tommy Bounce," "Tom, Dick, and the ———," "Shorty; or, Kicked into Good Luck," "Tommy Dodd," "Shorty in Search of His Dad," "Tumbling Tim," Etc., Etc., Etc.



Unable to stand it any longer, Blobbs seized him with both hands by the collar, and began to shake him, while the class laughed all the louder.

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CHAPTER I.

IN COMMENCING the relation of a new career for an old and well-known character to our readers, a few words in the form of a synopsis of what has passed during his former career may be well, more especially for those who now take up these chronicles for the first time.

Tommy Bounce, the son of his dad (who at his age was very much like him), had been attending the academy of Professor Slam, where, although he made creditable progress in his studies, was nevertheless such a mischievous fellow, and, in connection with others, cut up so many pranks and played so many jokes on the teachers and others connected with the school, that he and another, by the name of Bill Gunn, were finally expelled and sent home to their parents; this being the only way, in the opinion of Professor Slam, that he could relieve himself of the personal hot water into which they were continually sousing him (as tens of thousands of former readers will pleasantly remember), and restore his school to anything like its former reputation for gravity.

So out they went, and away they went with flying colors, regretted by their school-fellows, but gladly lost by the management.

Perhaps it would be interesting to know all about how Tommy Bounce was received home after being "fired out" of Professor Slam's school, together with his particular friend and fellow mischief-maker, Bill Gunn. But it is enough to say that the reception was warm, on the part of his dad, although, as usual, his mother was inclined to smother it for him as well as possible.

"I'll fix him," thought Mr. Bounce. "I'll take some of the devil out of him, if hard work and short rations will do it. I'll put him into the store and make a drudge of him; I'll——"

And just then he stopped, while his mind reverted to his own advent in the same store so many years before.

And as he reflected, a smile gradually stole over his face, for well he remembered how full of the "old boy" he was himself when he was a young boy, and with all his wrath and indignation he could not but admit that Tommy was simply a "chip of the old block."

"But never mind," he added, after he had enjoyed a reflective smile. "I remember how my father put me through, and it is my duty to serve him in the same way. Yes, if he will not behave at school I'll make him behave in the store at work."

And so Tommy was taken into the store and put to hard labor.

It rather went against his grain, but after surveying the situation for a few days in a quiet sort of way, he concluded that he could worry a little fun out of it if he tried hard.

There were five or six clerks and two porters there for him to operate upon, and so he began to study their peculiarities.

One of the porters, Dennis O'Rag, was a subject for fun, for he was one of those Handy Andy sort of Irishmen who was forever making mistakes and saying the queerest things ever heard.

Tommy cottoned to Dennis right away, and as he was the son of the boss, of course Dennis found it no hardship to fall in with him. In fact, before a week had passed he was ready to swear by him.

But Tommy was keeping remarkably quiet for him. In fact, so greatly so that it almost made him sick.

Finally the dinners began to be changed. Tim McPeg, the other porter, brought his dinner in a tin kettle of one make, and Dennis brought his in another, but when Tim sat down at noon to eat his bread and meat, he would find bread and butter and perhaps a smoked herring.

This of course made him mad, and he would swear that "Mistress O'Rag would just catch the devil when he went back to their palace in the evening," and she generally did, although swearing that she never gave him a herring for dinner in all her life.

On the other hand, Tim McPeg smiled the smile of the happy, and inwardly congratulated himself on hav-

ing the finest wife in the world to manage on the sly to give him bread and meat, when bread and butter and red herrings were the best he could expect; and, in fact, the best he ever got.

This went on for several days, to the utter demoralization of Mrs. O'Rag and delight of Tim McPeg.

And there were two clerks who brought their dinners as well. Finally the trouble between the porters ceased and the same thing began between the two clerks. And they were not disposed to take no notice of the matter either. One of them got a much better dinner than his landlady usually put up for him, and the other a much worse one. But finally the one who got the worst of the exchange accused the other of changing grub, and then there was a riot between them, all of which Tommy enjoyed greatly.

But on the whole he was behaving much better than at school, especially when at home. True, there were several strange things happened about the house for which no account could be given, but which old Ebenezer Crow, the family coachman (who was still in the employ of Mr. Bounce, as was his wife and son, George Washington Abraham Lincoln Crow), felt tolerably certain were the tricks of Tommy Bounce.

Yes, Ebenezer was still in the employ of Tommy's father, and was growing gray in the service, as was his wife, the cook. As for their son and heir, George Washington Abraham Lincoln, he had grown to be quite a lad, and was employed as hall-boy.

But Tommy behaved so well at home that they all began to think he had turned over a new leaf and had sown all his wild oats.

Of course, they only saw the outside. They didn't know about how often he disappeared from the house after the family were in bed, and what rackets he would go on, getting back in time to put in an appearance at breakfast, at all events, and so, by working on the sly, he got to be regarded as a good boy once more.

For a while he and Bill Gunn kept up their correspondence, by which each was posted regarding the fortune of the other, but finally Bill took a trip to Europe with his mother, and the letters between them ceased entirely after a while.

Well, while Tommy was thus having his fun "on the strict Q. T.," his mother was doing all in her power for him, and continually telling his father what a shame it was that he should be denied a college education, and fall back upon the drudgery of a mercantile life when the splendors and the honors of a professional career were within his reach. She protested against it.

"Oh, yes," the old man would say, "you are for making a fine gentleman of him, but I tell you it cannot be done."

"Why? Is he so much like you, my dear?" the mother would ask, with a little wormwood.

Then Mr. Bounce would get mad, and have no more to say about it at that time.

But she would be sure to bring it up on all sorts of occasions, until he finally made up his mind to send Tommy to college.

All this Mrs. Bounce would impart to her hopeful, and so Tommy was kept well posted regarding what was going on. In truth, he had no taste for a mercantile life, and after working a few months, he made up his mind that he preferred school to it.

He had no idea of ever fitting himself for any of the learned professions. He hadn't had half a bellyful of fun yet, and, until he did have, he had no notion of bothering his head with anything else.

But in order to fit himself for college, he was obliged to go through with a course of private instructions to make up for what he had neglected at Mr. Slam's school.

And so he was placed under the tutorship of a minister, who took it upon himself to fit him for entering college.

But he soon found that Tommy was not only exceedingly quick to learn, but, in fact, had already learned much more than anybody supposed he would have done who had watched his course at Mr. Slam's boarding-school.

The parson was a very learned man, and, of course,

a very pious one; and, of course, again, knowing that his pupil's father was a very rich man, he took great interest in Tommy, and held him up as being a very promising scholar.

Yes, this he did, notwithstanding several tricks which Tommy played upon him, one of which was the fastening together of the two halves of odd sermons, and getting him greatly confused, as well as confusing his hearers the next Sunday when he attempted to preach from what he supposed a single one, and the one he had written for the occasion.

And during the year that Tommy was undergoing this preparatory course of study, old Ebenezer Crow and his son, George Washington Abraham Lincoln, came in for a number of rackets which especially made the old man think of days that were passed.

In short, while laying very low and seeming to be the best boy alive, he was having nearly as much fun as at Mr. Slam's school, only keeping more quiet about it.

Once or twice he had met some of the boys who still went to Slam's school, and they laughed and talked over again the rackets they had enjoyed there, although they all said that the life had all gone out of the school since the departure of Tommy and Bill Gunn. But it is safe to say that neither Elam, Josh, Hop Ski, Mr. Slam, or Miss Overripe thought so.

Well, and so at the end of a year Tommy passed a successful examination, and was admitted to Yale College as a freshman.

It was an event in his life, as it is in the life of every young man who enters college, although Tommy was not much of a "freshman," save in name.

By this time he had grown from the schoolboy we have seen him to be a fine-looking lad; a good specimen of Young America, and at the age of seventeen he was an adept in all the manly sports, and an out and out thoroughbred in everything.

He made a very favorable impression on the senior and junior classes, and they at once saw that "one of the gang" had come to the school, but nevertheless, he was a freshman, and according to the custom he would have to be put through a course of "hazing" just as though he was a regular clod.

And Tommy Bounce was not long in finding out that he was among a lot of the brightest, gayest, smartest, best young fellows that ever congregated beneath the hovering wing of *Alma Mater*—as colleges are often called—and that he had got to look sharp, and play a trump every time in order to keep his end up.

But they went for him, and as here is a good chance to introduce some of the characters who may hereafter figure with Tommy, I will present them to the reader.

It was the evening of the third day after his installment that about a dozen of the wildest fellows marched into Tommy's room very politely, pretending that they had only come for a friendly call, just to get acquainted.

First, there was Bill Digby, a fine-looking young fellow, about twenty, something of a sport, but as full of mischief as ever Tommy Bounce was himself. Then Harry Farnum, an athlete, captain of the college baseball nine, tall, very shapely and good-looking, and with more interest in the *Clipper* than he had in either Greek or Latin; Joe Brick, Jack Wilds, Frank Rackaboy, George Blossom, Charley Pepper, Mark Harmer, Fred Morton, Ross Smalley, Abe Skinner, Dick Benson, Sam Bedloe, and many others whose names will appear from time to time.

Tommy rose to receive them; in fact, he was very glad to receive them, for he had begun to be as lonesome as a borrowed dog, and was ready to welcome anybody, almost.

"Bounce, we have called to see you," said Bill Digby, walking in ahead of the others.

"I'm devilish glad," said Tommy.

"We thought you'd be, freshmen are generally glad to see undergraduates and sophs. Here's the gang," he added, turning to the others and introducing them.

"Gentlemen, I'm glad to see you all. Take what

seats you can find and then get on the bed," said Tommy, cheerfully.

"Many thanks, we prefer the bed," said Digby, and as many as could find room on it at once took seats.

"Gentlemen—" began Tommy.

"Hush! do you hear that? He calls us gentlemen," said Smalley.

"Which goes to show conclusively that he is a freshman."

"That's what I am; I suppose you were all freshmen once."

"No, never!"

"Never—never!" said they all, in chorus.

Tommy tumbled to a "roast," but he said nothing, and kept a bright face.

"I'm sorry that I haven't anything to treat you with, boys—"

"Boys!" they all exclaimed.

"Gentlemen, then."

"What, gentlemen?"

"Toughs."

"We do not understand you, Mr. Bounce," said Digby, seriously.

"All right; but what I was going to say, was, that I am very sorry I have nothing to treat you with, but if you will go with me out to any place you will suggest, I will tumble and do the tidy," said Tommy.

"We always go prepared," said they, at the same time pulling out each a bottle and a pipe black enough to frighten a Dutchman.

"Let us drink to Bounce."

"We bounce to drink."

With this they all took a pull at their bottles, after which they smacked their lips and cried "yum-yum!" in unison.

"Y—e—e—e, Yale!" they next cried, accompanying their spelling of the name with recorking their bottles and placing them back in their pockets again without offering Tommy a sup.

"S—m—o—k—e! smoke!" they yelled, and proceeded to fill their pipes, taking care to close the door and windows before doing so.

"Do you smoke, Bounce?"

"No; but I smoke tobacco sometimes," replied Tommy, cheerfully.

"G—r—e—e—t—u—s—gracious!" they all exclaimed, in concert; and then they began to puff away at their pipes.

Tommy saw that he was in for it, and so pulled out a cigar and lighted it.

At that moment the combined weight of those upon the bed broke it down.

"What! Is this your hospitality?" asked Harmer, sternly.

"No; that is my bed. But don't disturb yourselves, my friends; the bed can stand it, if you can. Smoke away," said Tommy.

They saw quite soon that they were not likely to make much out of Tommy, but without saying anything in reply, they proceeded with their smoking until the room was so full of smoke that you couldn't see a foot before your nose.

Tommy stood it like a little man, and, in fact, the smoke appeared to have quite as much effect upon the hazers as it did upon him, and so they soon moved on other things.

"Come out and take a walk," said Digby.

"With all my heart," replied Tommy, starting up, spiritedly.

Digby and Harmer took him in tow, and started down-stairs, while some others remained behind to change the number on the door of his room with that on the door just beyond, belonging to a room occupied by a savage sophomore who could never see a joke.

Then they all joined in the walk. They took Tommy out upon the college green, and to throw him off his guard, asked him if he would have a drink. Of course he would.

And so they led him to a hydrant, where, with a hose, they gave him a good wash that nearly blinded him, and to make it all the more interesting, they filled his eyes and ears full of sand, and after giving him a very rough handling, they suddenly left him alone in the dark to find his way back as best he might.

Poor Tommy! He took it all with the best grace he could, knowing that resistance would only make matters worse, and just as soon as he could collect himself, he attempted to make his way back to his room.

But this was a thing not easily accomplished, for he was almost a stranger in the place, and in the darkness and bewilderment, he first came upon the porter's lodge. That official acts the part of a watch-dog at the college, and takes to task any fellow who may chance to be out after the prescribed hours.

And it so happened that this was after hours, unless a student chanced to have a special pass or permit from the president, and so Tommy was overhauled. He attempted to explain, but the porter accused him of being drunk, and threatened him with expulsion.

But after giving his name, he was sent to his room, with orders to report to the vice-chancellor in the morning to learn his fate. He felt worse about this than anything; but being wet to the skin and decidedly used up, he concluded to get to his room, and into some dry clothes just as quickly as possible.

The hallway was dark, or nearly so, the dim light just enabling him to find No. 23, his room, as he supposed, and opening the door, he walked in the wrong room, of course. Here he was met by the surly sophomore, who at once denounced him as a tramp and threw him down-stairs, creating a terrible uproar.

Bruised, banged and nearly knocked out of time, he slowly gathered himself up, and stood gazing around as though not knowing what to do next.

Then another of the hazers came out, and asked him what he wanted, and when told that he wished to find his room, they informed him that it was in the

other end of the building entirely, and one story higher up.

Tommy slowly started away in search of it, but he got into trouble at every step, and finally the porter locked him up in a room without any furniture in it, where he was obliged to stay until the next morning. But it was plain enough then to the official that Tommy had been badly hazed, so after a deal of trouble, he was at length piloted to his room, a very sad freshman, indeed.

Two or three nights afterwards the gang waited upon him in his room again. But this time they did not come with hostile intentions, although they positively refused to acknowledge that they knew anything about the hazing at all, and even doubted whether such a thing had ever taken place or not at his expense.

Tommy laughed it off, and soon made himself so solid with them that they formally accepted him as one of the gang, and announced that his freshman troubles were at an end, so far as they were concerned.

"That is all right, fellows, but it would make me feel ever so much better if I could only help haze some other fellow," said he.

"Boys, what do you say?" asked Digby.

"Yes—yes," they all cried.

"It is well; Tommy, your wound shall be healed. We have yet another freshman to astonish—one who only came to-day. But we shall not put him through in the same style. Harmer, go and bring him out."

Three or four of them started out, and then those who remained behind proceeded to treat Tommy, and have a good understanding regarding the future. He was given to understand that in any future trouble with the older students he could always count on them, and he was at once proclaimed a member of the "chain-gang," as they called themselves, sworn to stick to each other in any event, and have just as much fun as they possibly could.

This, of course, pleased Tommy to a dot, and while congratulating himself at having escaped so easily, he made up his mind to get good and hunk on somebody else. So they all went out to the appointed place where the last freshman was to be put through.

It was quite dark when they reached the spot, but the other fellows had got there before them, having the victim with them, but as a prisoner, having acquainted him with the fact of his breaking some of the college rules, for which he was to be taken before the president.

But everything was done in the dark, and the way they did put that poor freshman through was a caution to everybody green. They wet him; they bounced him, they soured him with ink; they put sand burs in his hair; they turned his coat and hat wrong side out, and then left him to find his way back to his own room as best he might, although, not like Tommy, he did not know the names of any of his tormentors.

Well, they all gathered in Tommy's room after that, where they had drinks, cigars, oysters, and other good things while talking and laughing over the night's racket. Tommy felt very much better now, and the part he had taken in the hazing showed him to be an adept at such things, and he at once became a favorite.

But while Tommy was on his way to chapel the next morning, who should he meet but the victim of the night before, easily distinguished by the marks that had been left upon him in the shape of ink and sand-burs, all of which the poor devil had not been able to remove before chapel time.

The moment they placed eyes on each other they stopped and took another look.

"Tommy Bounce!"

"Bill Gunn!"

"By thunder!" and the next instant they were grasping each other by the hands.

"Why, Bill, how is it?"

"Tommy, you tell me."

"You a freshman here?"

"Don't I look like one?"

"And you are the fellow I helped to haze last night?"

"The very chap."

"Holy Moses!"

"Who hazed you?"

"The same gang."

"Give us your hand again."

"Shake!"

"You bet."

"And chance has brought us together once more?"

"So it seems."

"Good! Come on. We'll talk this thing over as we go to chapel. Oh, there is a tough gang here, Bill, but if we don't go to the front, I shall believe that our early education has been sadly neglected, that's all. Come on!" and with locked hands the two friends walked away.

CHAPTER II.

THE meeting of two such friends as Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn, after a long separation and under such circumstances, was not a trifling matter.

They paid but little attention to chapel exercises that morning, and just as quick as they were released, they started back to Tommy's room, where they sat down to a good long talk.

"Tell me all about it, Bill," said Tommy. "How did you happen to come to Yale?"

"Well, dad threatened to send me off on my own hook after he got Slam's letter; but mother stood in for me, and I went with her to Europe, where we were gone for about a year, and on my return I went to reading up so as to enter college, little thinking that I should ever meet you here."

"Almost my own case, Bill. Well, the gang gave me a terrible roast, and you came along just in time to let me get hunk. But never mind. They are a jolly lot of fellows, and you shall be introduced to them. They

shall make you one of them, as they have me, and then look out for fun."

"But this confounded Greek and Latin?"

"Oh! that be hanged. I have tumbled to how the gang work it, and I'll soon show you college life is not all study—that is, not all book study. They have boat clubs, ball clubs, secret societies, and Heaven only knows what else, and so you see it is not all Greek roots and Latin verbs."

"I hope not. In fact, if you are here, I am certain it will not be."

"The same for you, Bill."

"Provided we don't get 'fired out' as we did at old Slam's."

"That's so; but we must lay low."

"Have you seen any of the old boys?"

"Three or four of 'em. They say it is awfully dull up there now. But we will make it lively enough here in New Haven."

"You bet."

The lessons of the day over, "the gang" met in Tommy's room, when they were given a special introduction to Bill Gunn.

"Boys, he's one of 'em," said Tommy.

"Then he must be one of us," said they.

"Cert. Why, he and I used to go to school together, and we had more fun to the square inch than any two fellows that ever lived."

"Good. Shake the son of a Gunn again," said Bill Digby, setting the example of shaking Bill's hand.

And before a week had passed by, Bill Gunn was pretty well initiated into the life and mysteries of Yale College, and both he and Tommy Bounce were regarded as trumps by everybody, except the faculty, perhaps, but as they had never played them as yet, they didn't know what good cards they were.

Nearly every student receives a nickname on entering school which generally clings to him until he graduates, and not infrequently all through life. But Bill Gunn was dubbed with several. Some of them called him "Son of a Gun," some "Pistol," some "Musket," and others "Blunderbuss."

But he never "kicked," however much they "loaded" him.

In the interval since leaving Mr. Slam's school, he had perfected himself in ventriloquism, and in addition had learned several very clever and bewildering sleight-of-hand tricks which enabled him to make even more fun than he had made formerly, and his fellow students were not long in discovering that they had gotten a valuable assistant in the mischief and mutual entertainment business. At Tommy's urgent solicitations, Bill was allowed to room with him, and that capped the whole thing.

It was not long before all sorts of pranks were frequently played on somebody, especially upon Solomon Blobbs, a Latin professor, who weighed at least three hundred pounds, and was nearly as big one way as another; but beyond suspecting who it might be, the rogues contrived to remain unknown.

This Solomon Blobbs was a tyrannical old fellow, and nothing in the world gave him greater satisfaction than to load a student with hard lessons, and then browbeat him in the most outrageous manner if he failed in the least degree. Consequently it may well be supposed that he was not very popular with the students, and that if anybody did succeed in playing a trick on him he found few sympathizers.

As before stated, he was short and rotund, but one of the most distinguishing features about him was a completely bald head, and a large, very red nose. The students used to say that his forehead was so high that it reached away over to his coat collar.

"Dumpling" was the nick-name they gave him, although some of them used to call him "Apple Dump," both kinds of sauce," but it was generally "Dump" for short, and they were always ready to furnish the sauce.

Directly an opposite to Blobbs, in a physical point of view, was Professor Eleazar Budd, teacher of English branches. He was over six feet in height, and but little more than a skeleton with clothes on, so lanky was he, and "Mourning Pin" was the nick-name he bore, although he and Blobbs were generally designated as "The Twins." He wore blue glasses, and, taken all-in-all, he was about as queer a looking specimen of humanity as ever was seen, although he was mildness itself.

The fellows used to take delight in reciting their English lessons to him, for they almost always managed to have fun enough to sweeten their tasks.

One day he was hearing a class in physical geography when Bill Gunn got in a lot of his ventriloquism, which bothered the old fellow very much, and afforded all hands a lot of amusement.

"And now, young gentlemen, you will see by this lesson that the bottom of the ocean is quite as greatly diversified as is the surface of the dry land, and that islands are simply the peaks of submerged mountains which chance to be tall enough to reach above the surface of the water," said he.

"Nonsense," somebody right behind the professor seemed to say, but, of course, the reader understands that it was the ventriloquism of mischievous Bill Gunn and no real person at all.

Professor Budd turned slowly around and lifted his blue spectacles. He always did this whenever he wished to get a particularly good view of any person or thing, although he couldn't see worth a cent when he did so.

"The class was all on a grin."

"Who was that?" he finally asked, as he turned to face his class again.

But of course nobody knew, and after again taking off his glasses, and again turning around to see if he could see anybody, he finally resumed the lesson.

"Mr. Bounce, describe the Gulf Stream."

"It is bounded on the north by nowhere, on the

south by nowhere, east and west by the Atlantic Ocean, and on the bottom by mud!" replied Tommy, as sober as a sheep.

"Stop, sir—stop! That is not a proper answer; I did not ask you to bound it, and even had I done so, that answer was wrong."

"It is bound south," said a voice that seemed to come from an open window.

The class started and directed their attention to it, as did Professor Budd.

"Who was that?" he asked, solemnly.

"Don't know," they all said, in chorus.

"That is very extraordinary—very," and he proceeded to the window in quest of the person who had created the disturbance.

After looking in vain, of course, he turned slowly, and was returning to his class, when:

"*Gulf Stream's bound south!*" again seemed to come from the window at his back.

He again turned and went to the window, while his class were ready to split with laughter. He looked down to the ground, and then slowly up along the window casings, as though hoping to find a clew to the mystery.

"Very extraordinary," he mused, as he once more turned towards his tickled class. "Did you hear it, gentlemen?"

"We did," said they all, both those in the secret and those who wondered at it.

"Exceedingly extraordinary. Mr. Rackaboy, describe Lake Michigan," he added, finally.

"It's where *Michtganders* swim," and this time the voice seemed to come from a corner of the room where a big wood-box stood.

This was a trifle too much, and the professor concluded to defer the lesson until he had investigated this strange business.

So he walked to the box, lifted the lid, and looked in. He even pulled out some of the wood, but of course he found nothing strange or suspicious there.

Sorely mystified, he let the cover drop again, when a smothered: "*Oh, my fingers!*" seemingly coming from the inside of the box, caused him to start and look wild, while the class left their seats and gathered around him.

"The most extraordinary thing I ever knew or heard of," said he, looking wildly around.

"*Let me out!*" sounded again.

"Goodness me! what is it?" he whispered.

"Somebody in the box," suggested Tommy Bounce.

Again he lifted the cover and looked in, when, after convincing himself beyond a doubt that there was nobody inside of it, he let down the cover.

"*Mourning Pin, let me out!*"

"Gentlemen, this is beyond my comprehension," said Budd. "I half-suspect that some rogue has secreted himself somewhere about the room, and is annoying the class. However, we will withdraw to another room, and I will have one of the janitors to search the place thoroughly, and bring the culprit to punishment," saying which he led the way to another recitation-room.

Here the mischievous ventriloquist thought it best to let up on the professor, for fear that he might tumble to the racket if he kept it up any longer at that time. But a man was kept hunting about that room for the supposed hiding-place of the culprit until he came to the conclusion that Budd was off his nut.

And this was only a sample of the fun they had with this odd professor.

But one day a new element of fun entered the college, in the person of a freshman, a very fresh man, too, by the name of Jethro Mullen, from somewhere in Vermont.

He was tall and lathy, about twenty years of age, dressed like a stage "Yankee" almost, and altogether a queer sample of a man in search of his collegiate honors.

Well, yes, he was a perfect plum; a live huckleberry, so to speak.

The faculty had expected him the day before, but as he had been detained at Boston on some account or other, he failed to connect with New Haven until quite late on the afternoon of the next day, after school hours, and after the officers had given him up.

As luck would have it (for the gang), Tommy Bounce and half a dozen of the fellows discovered him first as he came sauntering across the campus with a huge carpet-sack in his hand, and gawking all around him.

"I say, fellows, I'll bet that's a new freshman," said Tommy, pointing to Jethro.

They all took a look and agreed to it.

"Now let's have some fun with him."

"Yes, yes; come on," said they all.

"Quiet, now, so as not to give it away." And Tommy led the party toward the stranger.

But he didn't have to speak first, for Jethro was in search of a guide and information.

"Say, you, where's the college?" he asked, as soon as he got within speaking distance.

"These are portions of it which you see scattered around here," replied Tommy, soberly.

"Portions of it!" said he, with a strong nasal twang. "Ain't the thing all together?"

"Oh, no. Couldn't get it all under one roof. Which portion do you wish?"

"Wall, I want to get into college."

"That's an easy thing to do."

"But I want to matriculate?"

"Oh, you do!" said they all.

"Yes. Put down my name and join the college. Do you belong to it?"

"Do we! Well, slightly. Three of us are professors here," said Frank Rackaboy.

"You don't say so! Wal, I swanny!" exclaimed Jethro, setting down his huge bag, and taking a look at the party.

"Fact, I assure you."

"Wall, and so young, too?"

"Oh, we began young; eight was the oldest."

"You don't say so! Guess I don't stand much of a show then."

"Well, that depends upon how far along you are now."

"Gracious! Wal, my name's Jethro Mullen, I'm right from Bennington, Vermont, where I've always worked on a farm, and what education I've got I picked up mostly myself. But dad he told me when I could translate Virgil that he would send me to college and make a lawyer out of me, and here I am all ready, although I've had an all-fired hard time of getting here. Never was ten miles away from home before in my life."

"But have you ever taken your degrees in physical culture?" asked Mark Harmer.

"No, but you bet I've had all the physical exercise that was needful, working on a farm."

"But that will not do. Gentlemen, suppose we take him to the gymnasium and give him a few points before he goes before the chancellor for final examination?" said Tommy, turning to the boys.

"Certainly," said some, and "cert," cried others.

"I'd be much obliged to you for any hints or suggestions you will make, for I'm bound to get into this college somehow and be a lawyer, you bet."

"All right, then. You have got just time to get yourself 'up' to-day, so that you will be all ready for to-morrow. Come on," said Tommy, leading the way towards the gymnasium.

"That's me. I want to learn all the ropes, I do," replied Jethro, following, gladly.

"Oh, it's essential. You would never be allowed to matriculate in the world unless you understood all about the gymnasium and physical nature," said Smalley.

"Gracious! It's lucky I met you, ain't it?"

"Indeed it is. You might have been sent back again and had all the expense for nothing. But we'll fix you," said Charley Pepper.

"All right. I'll take it all in one lesson if I can, for I'm bound to have a college education."

"Well, you will be obliged to take it all in at one lesson, for you will not have a chance for a second one before your examination."

"All right, I'll take it. Never saw anything yet I couldn't learn; but folks always said that I'd find it harder when I got to college."

"Oh, we'll give you a good send off. We were freshmen once ourselves."

"I s'pose so. Dreadful big concern, though, arn't it?" he added, glancing around at the different buildings.

"Yes, the buildings cover three square miles."

"Yes, and before you graduate you will have to go through them all," added Harry Farnum.

"By gracious!" and Jethro looked wild.

By this time they had reached the gymnasium building, and while the others had been chaffing their intended victim, Tommy Bounce, Bill Gunn, Joe Brick, Frank Rackaboy and two or three others had been working up the racket they were bound to give him.

Going inside they found it nearly deserted, and everything lovely for the "circus."

"Now, we will show you what is to be done on the various apparatus here, and you must follow our example in everything. We will also put you through several necessary points in this physical business, and just in proportion to your success and endurance will be your chances of being accepted as a freshman of Yale College," said Tommy.

"All right. Go ahead, and I'll follow you to the very last," said Jethro, bravely.

Thereupon the gang pulled off coats and vests, and began to go through with the various evolutions on spring-bars, swings, weights, rings, trapeze swings, doing some remarkably fine acts—always having been used to it—but greatly to the astonishment of Jethro Mullen, who watched the surprising performances with the greatest interest. He had never dreamed before that so much physical culture was essential to being admitted to college.

"Now, then, old man, go it," said Tommy, after the victim had watched the performances for a short time.

"What shall I do first?"

"Try this pair of fifty-pound dumb-bells."

"Gosh!" but being a very strong fellow, he managed to put them up quite well, for which he was rewarded with applause.

"Now try this horizontal bar. Here, 'Beansy,' just show him how to do it."

Joe Brick (or "Beansy," as they called him, because he came from Boston) being a good performer on the horizontal bar, at once set Jethro some examples of a very sensational nature, and then Jethro was told to imitate them.

Well, he attempted to, but he couldn't do it. The nearest he could come to it was to fall down three or four times, and burst his nose and his clothes in several ways, during which his teachers were nearly killing themselves with laughter. He finally ended the performance by landing on his head on the floor, and driving himself into his hat almost out of sight.

It took some time to get him out of his "dice," but that old-fashioned hat wasn't worth much when they finally did succeed, any more than the wearer was.

Then they hurried him to the pulling-rings, where he succeeded better, and from that to a performance with Indian clubs, during which he banged himself in the head three or four times with them, and concluded he had got all the "physical" out of them that he wanted, after which they put him to imitate the example set him on the flying trapeze.

He tried it. He flew. Oh, yes, he flew—from the trapeze through a window at the other end of the

room, smashing out sash and everything, and when the boys picked him up and pulled the broken glass out of him, he said he thought he had got enough.

But they would not have it. They had his interest too much at heart to allow him to stop an inch short of success, and they told him so, and they made him believe it. And on the strength of this interest in him, he allowed them to put his feet into the rings of a double ring swing, and while hanging head downwards, to swing him until he thought there wasn't anything else left to stand on in this world.

Then they got him into a blanket and tossed him about a dozen times, after which they crammed him into a barrel, much against his will, and then they attached it by clamps to a swing that was hung from the roof about fifty feet above, and after raising it so as to clear the floor, they swung him back and forth at a tremendous sweep, at the same time singing a college song, by way of accompaniment, until finally the clamps broke from the chimes of the barrel, and it flew, Jethro and all, through another window, and he landed out upon the grounds so severely that the barrel burst all to pieces, and he was spilt very promiscuously.

Slowly and sadly he gathered himself up and began to take an inventory of himself to see if any bones were broken, still clinging to his old gripsack, which he had collared just before being thrust into the barrel. No bones were broken, but it was a miracle that they were not, after all he had passed and been fired through.

He picked himself up slowly and glanced wildly around. Nobody was in sight. Before him was the broken barrel and the smashed window, out of which he had been so unceremoniously fired. He drew several long breaths and grasped the remains of his gripsack tighter.

"Gosh darn my everlasting skin; if this is the way they get into college, none for me!"

Still uncertain whether he had been dropped out of a balloon; sent up by a boiler explosion, or fondled by the hind legs of a mule, Jethro Mullen started for somewhere, but where, he hadn't the slightest idea.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Jethro Mullen went flying through the window of the gymnasium and landed all in a heap, and all of a wreck, Tommy Bounce, Bill Gunn, and the other lads who had been working the physical circus on him, sat down and laughed until they could scarcely catch their breath.

Was ever a freshman put through such a course of sprouts? Did a victim ever escape so miraculously? They finally recovered themselves enough to look through the broken window to see which way their victim went.

Finding that he had wandered off towards the chapel, they stole out of the building and got away and back to their own rooms with just as little loss of time as possible, and as they are safely housed, let us turn to Jethro Mullen.

Almost paralyzed, and so dazed that he didn't know himself from a sheep's pelt, he grasped what there was left of his gripsack, and dragged what there was left of himself towards the chapel.

One of the janitors met him.

"What do you want here?" he demanded, supposing him to be a tramp.

"Where's the boss of this place?" asked Jethro, mournfully.

"What do you mean?"

"The head one."

"The president?"

"I guess so—yes, where is he?"

"You can't see him to-night. What do you want of him?"

"I came to join this college."

"What for?"

"To get larnin'. I'm bound to be a lawyer. My name's Jethro Mullen."

"Oh, you were expected yesterday?"

"Yes, but I only got in this afternoon."

"But—I say; have you been through a threshing-machine?" asked the janitor, looking him over.

"Threshing-machine! Worse than that."

"What?"

"Physical culture."

"Well, I should say so. Hew?"

"I met some of the students out here, and they took me into the gymnasium, where they said I had got to go through certain things before I could get admitted to the college."

"You did. What did they do with you?"

"Look at me!"

"Tommy Bounce, I bet a dollar," said the janitor.

"Wall, there was considerable bounce about it, that's a fact, but a darned sight more *fling*."

"How so?"

"Do you see that window?" asked Jethro Mullen, pointing back to the ruined opening.

The janitor shaded his eyes with his hand and took a look.

"Well, yes. What did that?"

"I did it."

"You! How?"

"Wall, I guess I lost my grip somehow."

"Your what?"

"They put me through a course of what they said was physical culture," said Jethro, and a faint smile gleamed on his mug, as he thought that perhaps after all he might have been "roasted."

"Well, yes, but what or who put you through that window?" asked the janitor.

"That was a part of the physical!"

"Physical! I should say so. Tell me about it, for it rather gets ahead of anything I have ever seen taught here before."

"But don't freshmen have to be up in physical culture before they can be admitted?"

"Well, not necessarily so."

"What! They told me so."

"Not the slightest doubt of it, for they are liable to tell freshmen anything. But what did they do with you?"

"What did they do? What didn't they do?"

"How many were there of them?"

"Oh, 'bout a dozen. They told me that I could never matriculate until I had got up in physical culture as they called it, and as I was anxious to get enrolled they said they would give me a few lessons."

A broad grin overspread the janitor's face.

"They took me into the gymnasium and put me through some of the all-fired things that was ever

"Wall, I want to get all that's required, for I'm bound to get through this college and come out a lawyer," replied Jethro, earnestly.

"Oh, that's all right. They'll teach you all the points, never fear."

"But what do I do next? Where am I to sleep to-night?"

"Go up there to the hall and I will see if there is a vacant room that you can have, although it is not customary to assign men until after they have passed examination and been matriculated," and the janitor pointed him to the vice-chancellor's reception room on the first floor of the main building.

The official's object was first of all to find out who had been instrumental in firing the freshman through the window and smashing it, it being one of his many

almost anybody would have mistaken him for fat old Professor Blobbs, while Tommy had arranged a slight disguise, so that Jethro would not recognize him, as had three or four others who seemed to be industrious students, waiting on the professor for some assistance in their studies.

It was now dark, and the room, lighted with some brightness, also assisted the disguises, and Jethro failed to recognize one of the gang.

He sauntered into the room and towards the table at which the supposed professor sat before a pile of books. But Jethro still looked as though he had been attempting to pare the toe-nails of a mule, and it required the greatest effort on the part of the fellows to keep from laughing outright.

"How de du?" he ventured, softly, as he strode



He picked himself up and glanced wildly around. Before him was the barrel, and the window out of which he had been fired.

heard of. They tossed me up, and run me 'round; they flopped me over, and made me stand on my head; they swung me until I could hardly catch my breath, and then they pushed me into a barrel and hoisted me into some other sort of a swing. Stranger, that swing spilled me out somehow, and I went kiting through that window and landed out there where you see that bursted barrel," said he, pointing to it.

By the time he had finished his narration the janitor was treating himself to a hearty laugh.

"What be you laughing at?" he asked, but the man couldn't stop all at once.

"Wall, it is kinder funny to think about, but it wasn't half so funny to experience."

"My dear sir, didn't you ever hear of hazing?"

"Hazing? Well, seems to me I have," said he, thoughtfully.

"Well, you have been hazed."

"No! Is that so?" asked Jethro, looking at him with open eyes and mouth.

"I should say so, and I must also say that you are about the freshest freshman that ever I met," he added, laughing.

"Wall, I swanny!"

"And I can scarcely blame them for the roasting they gave you."

"But didn't they mean it?"

"Of course they did."

"I mean, didn't they mean that I had to get up in physical culture?"

"They evidently meant to get you up in it at all events."

"Wall, is that all there is to it?"

"I guess not; that is, if you don't keep your eye skinned."

"Eye skinned?"

"Yes, you will probably receive all the degrees of physical culture before they get through with you."

duties to find out who was responsible for damages about the college.

But of course when he reached the gymnasium he found nobody there. Not much. On the contrary, they were watching things and arranging another "roast" for their victim.

Bill Gunn soon got himself up in the guise of one of the professors, the art of make up and imitation being his strongest pull, and sending another fellow into the room where Jethro Mullen was by this time waiting, they managed to interrupt him before the janitor returned from the gymnasium.

"Are you the freshman, Jethro Mullen?" asked George Blossom, entering the room.

"Yes, that's me," replied Jethro, starting up.

"Very well, Professor Blobbs wishes to see you in his room at once."

"What for, I wonder?"

"Well I don't know, but most likely he is going to examine you, as that is his business with all freshmen," replied Blossom.

"Oh, going to examine me to-night, eh?"

"Probably."

"But I'm so kind o' flustered—"

"Yes, you do look slightly broken up. Was the train you came on wrecked?"

"No, but some of the students have been giving me a few slices of physical culture up here to the gymnasium."

"Yes, and I should say they sliced rather deep. You don't want to let any of the students get you on a string. Come along and I will take you to the professor," said Blossom, leading the way from the room.

Feeling certain that he was now on the right road, and that his troubles were over, he followed Blossom, who took him directly to the room occupied by Bill Gunn and Tommy Bounce. Bill was made up so that

into the august presence, still grasping his ruined gripsack.

"Well, sir, what are you?" demanded Bill, looking at him in surprise.

"I'm Jethro Mullen—what there is left of me," replied he.

"But why do you appear before me in this dilapidated condition, sir?"

"Well, some of the students have been putting me through," said he.

"Putting you through? Through what—a thrashing-machine?"

"A darn sight worse, I guess."

"What is the matter, sir? explain yourself!" roared Bill, imitating the voice and look of the old professor to a dot.

"Wall, professor, they said I wanted to be up in physical culture, and they took me to the gymnasium and put me through," said he, smiling faintly.

"Sir, you are a fool!"

"Guess I am a little green, professor."

"There are some very bad students in this institution, and you must avoid them. Young gentlemen," he asked, turning to the other conspirators, "do you know anything about this?"

"No, sir," they all answered in chorus.

"Ah! Indeed I might have known it, for you are thorough and industrious students, but if you chance to learn who has been engaged in this disgraceful business of hazing, I trust you will report them to me without loss of time."

"We will, sir," said they all.

"Now, sir," said the professor, again addressing Jethro, "you wish to matriculate in this renowned old college?"

"Yes, sir, I've come all the way down from Bennington, Vermont, to get in here, for I'm going to be a lawyer."

"A worthy ambition, sir. But how are you in your Latin?"

"Wall, they say I'm pretty fair."

"Very well. Take a seat at the table, and let us see you turn a few English sentences into that classic language. Young gentlemen," he added, addressing his fellows, "as you all have had to undergo the same ordeal, I will allow you to be witnesses of his trial."

"Thank you, sir," they all chorused.

Jethro felt his heart come up in his throat as big as a sheep's pluck as he took his seat at the table. At length he was to face the ordeal.

"Take this first, Mr. Mullen. To be translated into prose Latin."

And here Bill handed him a slip of paper on which was written:

"In the mellifluous mind we see forever the conjoined and assembled, also the unconnected. Therefore it must necessarily follow that the hemisphere overcomes the atmosphere, and these effects cause the earth to groan and sweat, therefore rains and earthquakes. But let the galled jade kick."

"There, sir, give me that in Cicero's Latin."

Jethro looked it over and groaned.

"And here is another to be turned in Latin after the manner of the animals of Tacitus:

"She went into the garden to cut the cabbage to make an apple dumplin'. Just then a great she bear, waltzing down the street, poked its nose into the shop window. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she married the barber. So they all set to playing 'follow my leader' 'til the gunpowder ran out of their stockings."

Jethro read and groaned again.

"Begin sir," said the professor.

The poor devil slowly took up a pen, and began to turn the nonsensical English into Latin. They gazed upon him, and the perspiration oozed from every square inch of his body. It was an utter impossibility to translate either of the examples, and the hazers knew it, but Jethro didn't want to fail, and so he bent to the task.

For half an hour Bill badgered him, and finally said:

"Mr. Mullen, I fear that you are not sufficiently advanced to be admitted to Yale College. You had better go back to Vermont and pay strict attention to Latin for the next five years, after which I shall be pleased to examine you again."

"Gracious me! I never thort a chap would have to be put through this way," said Jethro.

"A very common mistake, sir. You will not be able to enter this term at least."

"And have I got to go back?"

"No, sir, you must go ahead."

"But I can't get in this time?"

"No, sir, I am sorry to say you cannot."

"That's awful. What will dad say?"

"I give it up. But he can never say that we are not deep in our Latin here."

"I should say so," said Jethro, again looking at his examples.

"But where am I to stay to-night?"

"Wherever you like."

"Can't I stay here?"

"What, in my room?"

"No, I don't mean that. But can't I stay in the college? I haven't got much money."

"Well, we are not disposed to be hard on an unsuccessful man. There is a vacant room next to this in which you can remain until morning, and we will give you a breakfast."

"Good! Where is it?"

"I will show you," said Bill, taking up a candle. "Follow me."

With downcast face Jethro seized his damaged gripsack and followed. Bill led him to the room of one of the gang, Joe Brick, and leaving the candle, wished him good-night, and returned to his fellows.

With a sad heart, Jethro Mullen got off his badly-damaged wardrobe and got into bed. So greatly was his mind agitated over the supposed failure to pass examination that he paid but little attention to the room or what it contained. The great and all-absorbing conundrum in his mind was: what would his friends and relations say?

But tired and sore with his experience, he finally fell asleep.

Meantime, Tommy Bounce and others of the gang were arranging to continue the racket in another form, for Jethro was too good a subject to be given up with one or a dozen "roasts."

Every available thing possessed by any of the conspirators was brought into requisition, and so with the aid of a few masks and wigs, and some skillfully contrived rattans and sheets, they soon had things working almost as well as they wished.

At all events, both Tommy and Bill got themselves up in the shape of the most horrible and ridiculous goblins that were ever seen or heard of, while one or two of the others made up as well as their limited stock of fixtures would allow of, and by the time that Jethro had fallen asleep, they were ready to continue the racket so successfully begun.

After assuring themselves, by listening to Jethro's repeated and prolonged snores, that he was asleep, they completed their make-up, and proceeded to the door of his room.

It was not locked, of course, for the key was in the possession of Joe Brick, and all they had to do was to walk right in.

Joe himself was gotten up to look as much like the devil as possible, and he took the lead by secreting himself behind a window curtain, while Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn took positions at the foot of the bed whereon poor Jethro Mullen was asleep.

Joe opened the ball by yelling in a most unearthly voice from behind the curtain.

Jethro was about half wakened by it, but after resting his snore for a moment, he turned over and began it on another key.

"Jethro, get up!" he yelled, and Jethro again stopped snoring, and once more turned over without any definite idea of what for.

"Upon him, fiends!" again shouted Joe.

Jethro started up in terror, and beheld the two horrible figures at the foot of his bed.

"Oh—oh—who!" he cried.

"Wretch! How came you here?" demanded Tommy, sticking his long head forward until it almost reached the victim's.

"Kill the tramp!" exclaimed Bill Gunn, who stood close behind.

"Oh, mercy—mercy!" yelled Jethro.

"No mercy for freshmen!"

"Don't kill me, please don't; I'm not going to stay here," pleaded Jethro.

"How came you in this bed?"

"The—the professor put me here."

"What professor?"

"I—I don't know, I—"

"It is false! you are a tramp!"

"No—no! I'm Jethro Mullen, good devils—I'm Jethro Mullen, just come down from Vermont, he pleaded.

"Get out of this!"

"Oh, Lord! Where shall I go?"

"Get out and get up!"

"Up where?"

"Up on the roof. Quick, as you value your life!"

"Oh, dear—oh, dear!" and trembling like an aspen he crawled out of the bed and seized his wardrobe, all the while keeping his eye upon the supposed hobgoblins.

"Go!" hissed Tommy.

"Oh, yes—oh, yes! Which way?"

Both of them pointed the way, and Jethro tremblingly proceeded. They kept close after him as he skipped along with his clothes under his arm and his old gripsack in his hand, until he had reached the scuttle leading to the roof, out of which they drove him with their terrible maledictions.

Finally he was upon the roof, when Joe Brick ran up the ladder and fastened down the scuttle door, leaving the poor devil out there in the gloom and darkness.

Here was a situation with the laugh all on one side. The conspirators returned to Tommy's room and there indulged in a laugh that was loud, deep and hearty, while the victim of their hazing was trembling on the roof above them, and trying to get into his clothes.

For half an hour they enjoyed their laugh, all the while wondering what Jethro would do, but caring only a little so long as they had their fun and put in a good hazing racket. They finally, at about midnight, retired to their beds and left Jethro to shift for himself.

But it was a tough old place to shift in.

CHAPTER IV.

WE left Jethro Mullen, the Yale College freshman, on the roof of one of the dormitories of the college, whither he had been driven, half frightened to death, by Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn, dressed up as horrible spooks.

It will be remembered that Bill Gunn got himself up in personal imitation of Professor Blobs, and went through the farce of examining the victim in Latin, and of assuring him that it wasn't good enough to gain him admittance to the college, and that he was afterwards shown to a room to sleep, where the hazers subsequently appeared in their demoniacal make up and drove him up and out of the scuttle, with his clothes and bad carpet bag under his arm, after which they fastened the cover and left him there for the remainder of the night.

After trembling for awhile in the chilly air, he finally concluded that he might as well put on his clothes as not, and with cautious slowness he proceeded to crawl into them, all the while looking nervously around, as though expecting to see a spook after him.

"Oh, Lord!" he said, and his teeth chattered like a hash machine as he spoke, "only let me get out of this dog rotted place and you bet I will make Vermont my headquarters hereafter. If this is going to college, I've got all I want of it; in fact, I think I've got through and come out on top. What an awful place this is, to be sure, chuck full of man-traps and most horrible goblins. Never heard of such a thing before. It is no wonder there's no more lawyers and great men turned out. Why, they'd want cast iron constitutions and brass nerves to go through a college like this. Oh! it's simply awful, and I've got all I want. Wonder where I am, anyway? There's some light over there—yes, I must be on the roof looking down upon the city. Wonder what time it is? Oh, I only wish it was morning so I could see where I was and how to get down. I'm awful sleepy, but I can't sleep here. What shall I do, anyhow? I shall never be a lawyer—no—no—I can't stand the education, if this is the way they get it," and feeling cautiously around he made sure of his position, as well as he could, and then doubled himself up, leaned against a chimney, and tried to compose himself for what little sleep he could get between that time and morning.

And sleep he finally did, and when the chapel bell began to ring for morning prayers, he was enjoying a vivid dream in which he was being carried through high mid air by an enormous eagle, who held him in his beak, suspended by the seat of his trousers.

The first stroke of the bell roused him so suddenly that he at first thought the eagle of his dream had dropped him. But the first half dozen clangs con-

vinced him that it was a bell, and then he half remembered where he was and what had happened to him.

He rubbed his eyes and gazed curiously and cautiously around. It was broad daylight, and the hum of the slowly rousing city beneath him caught his ear.

Yes, all around him he could see the city, and although he was not familiar with any portion of it, yet he knew what it was, and a little of where and what he was.

"Wal, by thunder, if this don't beat tater bugs," he mused, after looking around a moment or two; "wonder if those spooks have cleared out? It don't seem possible, but I saw 'em with my own eyes, or else I've had a bad case of nightmare and crawled up here in my sleep. Wonder where I came up, anyhow?" and he began to inspect the various scuttles on the roof.

Then he tried two or three of those nearest to him. But each one of them was securely fastened, and this fact puzzled him all the more. In fact, for a few moments he wasn't so certain but that instead of a dream it was a reality about the eagle, and that he had been dropped on the roof of the building after all.

"It beats all natur'," he mused; and creeping toward the edge of the roof, he looked over, and saw a string of students wending their way to the chapel, the bell of which was still tolling. Then he mused some more.

"I'll bet that's the breakfast-bell. That darned old professor said I might have a night's lodging and my breakfast. I've had all the lodging I want, and now I want some breakfast. I don't care if it isn't any better than the lodging—I can eat it; I can eat a horse and pick my teeth with his shoes. But how in thunder can I get down?"

He picked up his ruined gripsack, and began to walk around to see if he could find any way to get down from his lofty chamber. But the only way he could see was to jump, and as that might deprive him of his breakfast, in fact, of all future breakfasts, he concluded not to try it.

Going to one of the scuttle covers, he began to pound on it with the heel of his boot.

"I'll be everlastingly curry-combed if I don't wake up somebody!" he growled.

After pounding for five minutes or such a matter, he *did* wake up somebody, in the person of the janitor of the building, but not the one he had previously met.

He couldn't for the life of him make out what the pounding meant, but he was that sort of a man to find out all about it without loss of time. So he mounted the steps and threw up the cover.

His gaze rested on Jethro Mullen, and if ever a fellow looked like a tramp, or some of those used-up men we sometimes see on the stage, he did.

"Who in thunder are you?" demanded the janitor, savagely.

"I'm Jethro Mullen."

"What do you want?"

"I want my breakfast. Don't s'pose I want to stay up here all day, do you?"

"Who and what are you?"

"Jethro Mullen, I tell you."

"But that's no answer."

"Wal, it's the truth. I want my breakfast, and that's all I want of this blasted college anyhow. I've got my consarned belly full of everything but grub."

"I don't understand you. What right have you to expect breakfast here?"

"Why, Professor Blobs told me I could have lodging and breakfast here."

"When?"

"Last night when he examined me."

"Examined you?"

"Yes."

"Well, he must have examined you with a pitchfork, I guess."

"Yes, a Latin pitchfork, and no mistake. But I didn't pass," he added, with a sigh.

"Well, I should say not. But you look as though you had 'passed' under a potato-digger. How came you up here?"

"Lemme down, and I'll tell you all about it," said Jethro.

"Come down and get out, then."

"No, sir—ee—not until I've had my breakfast. Can't fool me out of that," said he, as he came slowly and stiffly down the steps.

"Now where did you come from?" demanded the janitor, after he had reached the floor.

"Bennington, Vermont. Came down here yesterday to go through this college, but the Latin got the best of me, and I've got to go back again, gosh dang it!"

"But how came you out on that roof?"

"Wal, I don't hardly know. Professor Blobs put me to bed last night after I couldn't pass, and told me he would see that I had my breakfast this morning."

"But he didn't put you up on the roof to sleep, did he?"

"No, put me into a regular room, but some time in the night I woke up and found my room full of the all-fired hobgoblins that was ever seen, and they drove me out of the bed and out upon the roof."

"Now, what sort of a yarn is this you are giving me? Don't for a moment think I'm fool enough to believe it."

"It's a gospel fact. Ask Blobs."

"I wouldn't make such a fool of myself as to ask him; I believe you to be a tramping thief, and shall hold you until I can send for an officer."

"Oh, don't do that; I'm all right."

"Yes, you look so."

"Wal, appearances are against me, I know, but that happened yesterday."

"Railroad smash-up?"

"No, physical culture."

"Where?"

"At the gymnasium."

"Are you the chap that some of the boys put through yesterday?" asked the janitor, while a big grin began to steal over his face.

"Put through? Wal, I should say so; put me right through a window."

"And I guess they put you up on the roof also. Come to Professor Blobs's study, for I strongly suspect you have been fooled all the while," said he, leading the way down-stairs.

"But how about breakfast? I don't want to be fooled out of that also."

"Oh, breakfast won't be ready for an hour yet. Come along."

Jethro followed, but he half suspected that this was another "job" to do him out of his grub.

They went out of that building and into another, arriving at the door of Professor Blobs's room just as that individual was returning from the chapel, services being over.

"There he is; that's him!" exclaimed Jethro, pointing to the pompous professor. "Now, you ask him."

He didn't know what a compliment he was paying to Bill Gunn when he recognized the professor whom he had mimicked!

The professor stopped as they met, and looked wonderingly at Jethro.

"Who is this?" he asked of the janitor.

"He says his name is Jethro Mullen."

"That's me, professor. Don't you remember last night?" asked Jethro, while a sickly smile crept over his face.

"Last night! What of last night, sir?"

"Why, when you examined me."

"No, sir. I examined no one last night. What foolery is this, sir?"

"Why, when you examined me in Latin, and said I couldn't pass."

"No, sir; but to judge from your appearance I should say you could not pass in anything but rag ethics."

"Ay, professor, don't you know that you put me to bed?" persisted Jethro.

"Sprague, take this man away. He is evidently an escaped lunatic."

"I thought so, sir. Come along."

"No. I tell you—"

"Come along!"

"And you told me I should have my breakfast."

"Take him away!" and Blobs entered his room.

"Come along, or I'll snatch what few clothes off you have left."

"Al, I swanny, this beats sheep-shearing. Arn't I going to have any breakfast?"

"Yes, if they'll give you some at the police station," replied the janitor.

"Thunder! Going to arrest me, hey?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Al, if this arn't going through college on the dead run, I'm a pickle," mused Jethro.

"You are in a pickle at all events."

"I should say so," he sighed.

As they left the building who should they meet but the other janitor; the one who had directed Jethro where to go, and who had been greatly puzzled to understand his sudden disappearance.

"Halloo, Mullen," said he.

"Ah, there's a man that knows me!" exclaimed Jethro, suddenly brightening up.

"Where are you going—where did you go to last night?"

"Don't ask me. I'm all tore to pieces."

"Well, you do look a trifle worse than when I saw you last. Where have you been?"

"Been examined."

Both janitors laughed heartily, but they did not know that Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn were watching, overhearing, and laughing quite as heartily. But they were.

"Oh, the fellow must be crazy. He said that Professor Blobs examined him, so I took him to the professor, who says he never saw him before, and that he must be an escaped lunatic," said Sprague.

"No, he isn't. Some of the boys have been giving him a terrible racket. Come with me to the vice chancellor, and we'll soon have this business settled," he added, turning to Jethro.

"Oh, it's all settled now," moaned he.

"How so?"

"I was examined and rejected."

"Nonsense! Didn't I tell you yesterday to look out for those hazers?"

"Wal, so I did, didn't I?"

"I should say they looked out for you. Come along; you have been fooled."

With a look of sheepishness added to his general broken up appearance, he followed the janitor to the room of the vice chancellor, where he was introduced, and a short explanation given to account for his condition.

This official was very indignant, and threatened vengeance dire and deep upon the rascally hazers, should he ever be so fortunate as to find them out.

"I am very sorry and greatly mortified, Mr. Mullen, that you should have had such a barbarous introduction to our institution."

"Wal, I don't feel very kittenish over it myself, professor, but I suppose my looks showed them how green I was, and they thought they'd have some fun with me. They did have some fun with me, and no mistake," he added.

"There is no excuse for it, and if the perpetrators of it can be found out they will be expelled. Janitor, take Mr. Mullen to a clothing store, and purchase for him, on account of Yale College, a suit of clothes equally as good as those he has had spoiled."

"Yes, sir."

"After which return to me."

"Yes, sir. Come, Mr. Mullen."

"But, I say, how about breakfast? I'm awful hungry," whispered Jethro.

"Oh, wait until we return; it will be time enough then."

Somewhat satisfied, but yet half reluctantly, Jethro followed the janitor to a clothing store, where he was allowed to select a suit of clothes.

Now Jethro had never had much experience, and his taste in such matters as appropriate clothing had never been developed to any great extent, and the result of it was that he selected the handsomest suit there was in the store, thinking, probably, that he would disguise and cover up his greenness with it. Then selecting a new hat and valise, he returned to the college, still hungry, but feeling otherwise much better.

After showing him into the great dining-hall, where several hundred students were breaking their fasts, and giving him a chance to do the same with his own, Jethro began to feel like a new man.

But Tommy Bounce and the gang had discovered him, and indulged in a royal good laugh at his changed appearance, as well as at the remembrance of the fun they had with him the day before.

"Boys, there's a whole magazine of fun in that chap, but we must lay low for a few days to see which way the cat jumps, for most likely he has blown the whole racket," said Tommy, as they were coming from breakfast.

"Wonder how he got down from the roof?" asked two or three of them.

"Oh, we'll find out all about it in good time, never fear. But if he has given us away, and can identify us, it may be 'dog days' for us here. But each fellow must swear he never saw the duffer before in the world."

"Oh! we can all do that," said Bill Bigby, speaking for the gang.

"Well, let us all keep quiet for a week, and by that time something will be sure to develop itself. Don't let him see that you notice him if you happen to meet him."

"All right," and with this they separated.

Well, to make this part of a long story short, Jethro Mullen was examined in the regular way, and passed examination without the slightest trouble, and, to his great relief and joy, he was admitted as a freshman to Yale College.

But even outside of the particular gang that had given him such a wild introduction, there were dozens of other students who were ready to play jokes on him, for in spite of new clothes he looked quite as green as he was, and they could not resist the temptation of "having some fun with him," although, strange to say, he failed to recognize one of the first party of his tormentors.

Now, Jethro Mullen was not long in finding out that he was a natural butt for the students, and that even freshmen regarded him as such. Neither did it take him long to find out that a good share of those students were decidedly fast; that they were amateur sportsmen; that they had private societies, with mysterious names and doings; that they had boat clubs, ball clubs, horseback clubs—in fact, that they indulged in almost everything that would smooth the ragged edge of study, although the college faculty knew little or nothing regarding them.

So Jethro concluded that if he ever expected to be one of the boys, he would have to do the same things that the other students did. But how to accomplish it he did not know. In the first place it cost money, which he had not to spare, and in the second place it required a natural taste for such things, which had as yet never been developed in him. How should he work it?

There was one student in that college who could coach him to perfection, and that was Tommy Bounce. Now it must be known that Tommy had been playing a shrewd game in order to work himself into the good graces of Jethro, and to secure him for his own gang, who felt that he belonged to them by right of first discovery; so in order to make himself solid with Jethro, he had taken his part one day when some fellows were about to haze him, and had thereby won his gratitude.

From that moment they became friends, and as Jethro soon learned that Tommy was one of the thoroughbreds of the college, he appealed to him for advice regarding how he should become one himself.

Tommy was only too anxious to tell him.

"You want to be a tough, eh?"

"Wal, yes, if that's what you call it. The fellows all think I'm green, and they poke fun at me," said he, half mournfully.

"And you want to ripen up?"

"Guess it would be better for me. But I haven't any money to throw away, as you fellows have."

"Oh, that's all right. You stick by our crowd, and it won't cost you a cent, and you'll have just as much fun as we do."

"That's all right, but I don't want to do anything that's naughty, you know."

"What! Ours is the most pious gang in the college, isn't it, Bill?" he asked of his chum.

"You are right, it is. Mr. Mullen, we will lead you gently through the meandering paths of outside learning, and polish your whistle so you can play a tune on it with any sophomore in college," replied Bill Gunn, soberly.

"Wal, I aren't much of a musician," replied Jethro, not catching the drift of Bill's hyperbole.

"Oh, that's all right, Jethro. We'll be your friends. Come up to our room any time, and we'll give you a few lessons. We'll take this freshness off in no time."

"I'll do it, by gosh!" said he, shaking Tommy cordially by the hand.

CHAPTER V.

TOMMY BOUNCE had now got Jethro Mullen just where he wanted him; that is to say, he had won him away from the other students, and adopted him on behalf of his own gang.

There was a large vein of good feeling in his nature, notwithstanding his larger one of mirth and devilry, and although he calculated on having considerable fun in one way and another with Jethro, yet he knew that he was poor, and so he resolved to work things so that it should not cost him a cent.

But Jethro, as is known by this time, was dreadfully green, never having been twenty miles from the home where he was born until he started for Yale College, and now the boys flattered themselves that they were doing a good thing by taking him especially to themselves and shielding him from the other students, who would haze him rougher and more openly. And so long as he was ambitious to become one of the boys, why should they not flatter themselves that they were doing an act of charity?

On his part, Jethro was delighted, although he had but a dim idea of what his "outside education" was to be like, always having been a good boy at home, and never indulged in any of those rackets which brighten the minds and toughen the muscles of other youths. But he liked Tommy Bounce and his party, and nothing could have pleased him more than the adoption which they so generously extended to him. And they liked him.

The very next night Jethro thought he would pay a visit to the room occupied by Tommy and Bill, and there make his first acquaintance with that band of goody-good students, and so he fixed himself up in elaborate style so as to make a favorable impression.

He heard loud laughter as he neared the door of the room, and his own name mentioned.

"Oh, they think I'm greener than grass, but I'll soon show them how well I can learn. Guess they don't know how I was hazed the first day I came here—hope they don't," he mused, and then he rapped on the door.

Instantly there was a hush, followed by a rattling of glasses and dishes as though being hastily gathered up, and when, after a moment's delay, Bill Gunn opened the door, Jethro beheld about a dozen students industriously poring over their books, and looking as honest as sheep.

"Halloo! Why, it's our friend, Jethro Mullen," said Bill. "Come right in."

"Yes, come right in," said they all, throwing away their books.

"How de du, boys? Glad to see you," said Jethro, straddling into the room. "Hope I don't disturb you at your studies?"

"Studies!"

"Bah!"

"No; you disturbed us at something a devilish sight better," said Tommy.

"That's so," said they all.

"In fact, fellows, if Jethro passes his first degree to-night, he must have the *Open Sesame* signal."

"The what?" asked Jethro, wonderingly.

"Never mind now. We thought you was old Blobs. Come, toughs, again to the front!" said the gallant Tommy.

While Jethro was gazing from one to the other, and trying to make out the meaning, a quick transformation took place directly under his very nose without his understanding it.

The room contained three closets, the doors of which were opened by three different fellows, and on the inside of these doors were fastened tables which were loaded with oysters, cakes, bottles of beer, and other evidences of a coming feast, while the center-table was simultaneously strewn with packs of cards, and a couple pairs of boxing gloves, and a pair of foils were brought from some hiding-place.

There wasn't a book to be seen, or a student who wanted one, but they had things thus artistically arranged so that it could be changed from this scene to a studious one at the first alarm of danger.

Jethro stood with open eyes and mouth, and looked so surprised that they could but laugh at his appearance.

"What's the matter, Jethro?" asked Tommy.

"Wal, I swanny!" exclaimed he.

"What about?"

"Why, I didn't see any of these things before."

"Of course not, and you wouldn't see them in two seconds from now if we heard a strange knock on the door. Come, toughs, help yourselves. Love oysters, Jethro?" he added.

"Wal, I don't know. Never tasted of them. What are they like?"

By this time the others were making a grand charge upon the luscious beauties, and doing their best to hide them under their vests as rapidly as possible. It was a sort of a go-as-you-please race to see who would get the most.

"Here, try one," said Tommy, placing a huge oyster on a plate, and handing it to him with a fork.

"Swallow that, and see how you like it."

"Swallow it whole?"

"Certainly. It spoils oysters to cut them. Makes them feel sort of 'cut up,' you know. Don't you see how we do it?" asked Bill Digby, swallowing one.

"But you don't want to watch these fellows for any considerable length of time; if you do, there'll be no more oysters left."

Jethro jabbed his fork into the oyster, and proceeded to lift it towards his mouth.

"Up she goes!" cried several.

Jethro opened his big mouth as he poised the oyster above it.

"Down she goes!" they cried, as he dropped it into his huge opening.

But it didn't go down. It stuck in his throat, and came near choking him.

"Pound him on the back, somebody!" and somebody hit him a thundering bang between the shoulders, nearly knocking him down.

But it made him swallow the oyster.

Did you ever see a little chicken bolt a big worm after a deal of exertion, and note the look of surprise in their eyes as they stand for a moment as though wondering if they hadn't taken in more than they could get away with? Well, Jethro Mullen looked just like one of those surprised chickens.

The fellows nearly split themselves laughing.

"What's the trouble, old man? Haven't you got it down yet?" asked Bill Gunn.

"Bet you don't catch me foolin' with any more of 'em," replied Jethro, mournfully, while the others laughed heartily.

"Oh, they're splendid. Great brain food. All students eat them," said Digby.

"Here, have some beer," said Smalley, pouring him out a glass.

"No, I never drink."

"What, never?"

"Wal, nothing stronger than cider."

"Oh, this isn't so strong as cider. Here."

Jethro took it reluctantly.

"Toughs, fill up and I will give you a toast," said Tommy, filling his own glass.

They did not hesitate.

Harmer put on the boxing-gloves and began to go for each other.

This was also new to Jethro, and he became greatly interested in the "studies." Such a thing as a pair of boxing-gloves he had never set eyes on before, but he soon understood all about them, and secretly concluded that he could do something with them himself. In fact, he felt that if ever he made his mark with the toughs, it would be with the gloves.

The games went on; money was lost and won, and occasionally they would stop to drink beer and invite Jethro to do the same, after which they would light their pipes and resume.

Jethro began to feel first-rate. It was a revelation to him, and he watched everything with great interest. It was naughty but nice.



"It beats ull natur," he mused; and creeping towards the edge of the roof, he looked over and saw a string of students wending their way to the chapel.

"Yes, I guess so," he replied softly. "I say, is it alive?" he added.

"Of course."

"Won't it hurt me?"

"Guess not, not if you put pepper and salt and a plenty of vinegar on it," said Frank Rackaboy.

"But I—I didn't," said Jethro, seriously.

"What!" and they all looked alarmed.

"You didn't?"

"No pepper to strangle it!" asked Bill.

"No salt to kill the poison mucous?"

"No vinegar to make sure of its not coming to life in your stomach?" asked another.

"N—no. Why?" and Jethro's eyes began to protrude.

"Send for a doctor—quick!" cried Bill Digby, making believe he was terribly alarmed.

"G g gracious! Is there any danger?" the frightened Jethro cried.

"Certainly—of course there is."

"Go for a doctor!"

"No—no, fellows, that's all right. Don't you remember what Doctor Dibbs told us once?" asked Tommy Bounce.

"Oh, quick, lemme go!" pleaded Jethro.

"Hold on. I can fix you all right. Dr. Dibbs told us once that whenever we swallowed a live raw oyster by mistake, to immediately drink a pint of vinegar, and that would surely kill it."

"Well—well, where's the vinegar?"

"Here's some."

Jethro snatched the bottle from the student who had brought it from the closet, and drank nearly every drop of it without stopping.

"There, you're all right now."

"Yes, that will fix Mr. Oyster. But I thought they had been dipped in vinegar when I gave them to you," said Tommy.

"Well, here is to our new comrade, Jethro Mullen, may he yet be one of the boys."

"Hi—hi!" and the toast was drank.

Jethro followed the example, and, to tell the truth, he rather liked the beverage.

"How's that; up to cider?"

"Wal, that's pretty nice," said he.

"Have some more?"

"Wal, no—"

"Yes, you will. Here," and Tommy poured him out another glass.

"Give your oyster a swim," said Joe Brick.

"Give us a toast," suggested Mark Harmer.

"Wal, here's hoping we'll like each other when we get better acquainted," said he.

"Hi—hi! Drink her down!"

Jethro drank it with pride.

"Now, let's to study," said Digby.

"Agreed!" and half a dozen of them took seats at the large center-table where the cards lay.

"Now," thought Jethro, "the real sober part of the visit commences, and I shall be able to get some valuable hints about Horace."

"What shall it be—Latin or Greek?"

"Hoyle's Latin; *Oldibus Stedgibus*."

"All right," and they began to deal the cards, while Jethro looked on in perfect amazement. What sort of Latin was it they studied by the aid of playing-cards?

Each man filled and lighted a pipe, and one was given by Tommy to Jethro.

"Parse a Latin sentence, Jethro?" asked Bill Rackaboy, turning to him.

"N-n-no, I guess I don't understand it."

"Oh, simplest Latin in the world," said he, dealing the cards to the others.

The game began between four of them at one table and two at another, while Tommy Bounce and Mark

Then after Tommy and Mark had pounded each other all they wanted to, they filled their pipes and took up the foils, the "hit" being to knock the pipe from the other's mouth.

Tommy won the "hit," and then he treated everybody to beer; Jethro began to like it and to think that college life was not so bad after all, and that languages and hard lessons did not make up the entire measure of university existence—in which he was right.

While the others were employed, Jethro put on a pair of the boxing-gloves, only to see how they felt, but when Bill Gunn asked him if he could spar, he said he had never tried it, but he guessed he could.

"Put on the mitts with him, Bill," said several, and further interest in cards was soon lost.

"All right," said he, putting on the other pair. The gang pushed away the table so as to give them more room.

"Put up your 'dukes!' " said Bill, at the same time setting him the example.

"My what?" he asked, wonderingly.

"Your bunches of fives."

"I don't understand you."

"Your potato mashers; your fists!"

"Oh, that's what you mean."

He put them up awkwardly.

"Now look out for your nose."

"All right," and he grinned confidently.

They sparred for a moment, Bill giving him several chances to get in on him, one of which he managed to improve.

The gang gave him a round of applause, and insisted on drinking his health in another glass of beer, which was accordingly done.

Then they began again, and Jethro got a tap on the nose that made him snort, and it likewise made him mad. He began to force the fighting, but of course

could do nothing with such a boxer as Bill was. First he would catch one on the nose; then one of his peepers would get a "sock" which would make him see stars, after which his potato trap would receive attention; in fact, Bill did anything with him that he wished to, butting him on his hearing box, first one and then the other, spanking him before, behind, and all around, greatly to the amusement of everybody but Jethro.

But he soon got enough of this and retired to bathe his swollen and bleeding bugie, while the others brought out what remained of the beer and feast and spread it upon the table, it being so late then that there was not much danger of visitors.

After everything had been eaten they fell to pipes and beer, songs and toasts.

"For he's a jolly good fellow!
For he's a jolly good fellow!!
For he's a jolly good fellow!!!
Which nobody can deny!"

Tommy sang this as a part of the toast and then the others took it up, and prolonged it in the most indefinite manner, going over it twice.

Jethro blushed to the roots of his tow-colored hair, for he knew that a speech was expected of him, and having made several such efforts at a debating club in his native town, he concluded that he could just astonish them.

He struggled to his feet with some difficulty, and balanced himself with still more, after which, and

held him lying there on the outside of the bed with his feet on the pillow.

Jethro crawled slowly off without saying a word. In fact, he hadn't a word to say. He gazed at her vacantly, and she stared at him as though he was something decidedly uncommon, which he really was, with that black nose.

"Are yees sick?"

"Yes. What time is it?"

"Nearly noon."

"What!" he exclaimed.

"Fut's the matter wid yer snoot?"

"I got hit last night boxing," he replied, remembering the fact, and supposing she referred to its swollen proportions.

"Did it get kilt entoirely?"



"I guess I've had enough," he said, with some difficulty. "Guess I wasn't cut out for a tough." "Oh yes, you are. That's all right."

"Sing us a song, Jethro," said Tommy.

"Jethro—Jethro, a song from Jethro!" was the cry, and Jethro looked around wild.

"Gen-el-men, I don't shing," replied Jethro, who was by this time pretty full of beer.

"Oh, yes, you can, go ahead."

"Give us a song."

"Don't know any."

"Give us anything, Jethro—Jethro Mullen!"

"All right, I'll sing you *Kitty Wells*."

"Who was she?"

"A gal."

"Oh, go ahead. Now, then."

Jethro cleared his throat and began, but broke down after the first half of the first and last verses, having forgotten it, which was a very good thing for the credit of Miss Wells, for of all the bad singers ever heard, he was the worst.

But the boys applauded him to the echo, and called for more beer, claiming to have never heard better singing, and regretting that he had forgotten the remainder of the song. Jethro was flattered.

Tommy Bounce was determined to get a speech out of him now, so rising with all the gravity of an owl, he said: "Gentlemen, it isn't often that I get on my pins to trouble you with a neat and appropriate speech; but on this occasion, when we are honored with the presence of a freshman who has delighted our startled ears with what I may call a flood of harmony, I feel that I am bound to speak. Mr. Mullen is a freshman, it is true, but we have seen enough of him since he has honored our ancient *Alma Mater* with his presence to convince us that he was not cast in a common mold. I propose that we stand, and with our last glass of beer drink to the health of Jethro Mullen. Chorus, gents!"

several blinks, he was understood to speak as follows:

"Genelum anladies, [cheers] I meangenelum, [good boy] customd syam plic speakn, I—I—[great cheering] feel bliged drinkmyel. I'm freshman, genelum, an' prou title, [cheers]. My frien Bounce says I'm freshman—hic—prou title, sobeyou! Genelum, werall jol-goodfies, anwe wogohotillmornin, wedoncare wheezer schoolkeep, dontit? [yes—yes!] I'm freshlem, prou-title. Come here ter be lawyer. Gladofit, prou-title. Genlum, werall [drunk] werall freshlem once, donit? Coursherbe—hic—Genlum, I—I feelsleepy," saying which he sat back into his chair, from which he slid under the table and was soon fast asleep.

He did not hear the roars of laughter that attended his unexpected disappearance, for the beer made him oblivious to everything.

They pulled him out from under the table and laid him upon a settee, after which they proceeded to sew his shirt and pants together at the waistband so that it could not be undone very easily. Then they painted his nose with some black paint, placed an empty bottle in each coat-pocket, and then appointed a committee of four to see him home.

This part of the business wasn't half so funny as the other had been, for he was as dead as a log, and they were obliged to carry him up three flights of stairs to his room, where they were glad enough to pitch him upon the bed, clothes and all on, and leave him there to find himself in the morning.

But only think of that head of his in the morning!

The chapel bell failed to arouse him, and breakfast had no charms for him. It was not until the old Irish woman came to make up his bed at about eleven o'clock, when he should have been at school, that he was aroused.

"Howly murther, fut's this?" she asked as she be-

"No, only hit."

"But it's dead an' black."

"Dead and what?" he asked, turning to the looking glass, from which he turned back in horror. "Goodness gracious!"

"Faith, yer nice lookin' now, wid a black nose and a black eye," said she, laughing.

"What the dickens shall I do?"

"Put a poultice on it an' report sick."

"Good idea. Here is a quarter. Go and make me a poultice," and glad enough to earn a bit of money she went and made it.

Now, it so happened that the paint was mixed with oil, and it had dried during the night, so that soap and water would not easily remove it.

Oh! how his head ached, and his conscience, too. What would his parents say if they could see him now?

But what would they have said after the old woman helped him bind that big poultice over his mug!

He groaned in the agony of remorse, and, to make it worse, the old woman laughed at him until she got a stitch in her side. But she afterwards did him the favor to send Tommy Bounce to his room, and with him went the whole gang. And such a laugh!

"What the devil is the matter with you?" asked Tommy, and Jethro explained about the black nose.

"Oh! that's nothing. Lager beer always serves a man that way when they drink it for the first time. We all had black noses, didn't we, fellows, when we first drank it?"

"To be sure we did," said they all, laughingly.

"I guess I've had enough," he said, with some difficulty. "Guess I wasn't cut out for a tough."

"Oh! yes, you are. That's all right. We'll give you a new degree when your nose gets well," replied Tommy, laughing.

CHAPTER VI.

We left Tommy Bounce and the gang of students in Jethro Mullen's room, trying to get his spirits up, and to make him believe that he hadn't received half enough "outside education" yet, notwithstanding he had been carried to his room as drunk as a boiled owl, and decorated with a black eye which he had received while using the boxing gloves with Bill Gunn, and a black nose which Tommy had given him with a paint brush after he became insensible.

He had poulticed his nose, thinking to draw the discoloration away from it, and taken all in all he was about the funniest and most weebegone looking specimen of humanity that was ever seen; and the boys laughed at him to their heart's content, although, having gone to bed with his clothes on, he had not yet found out that his shirt and pants were sewn together at the waistband.

But they told him that lager beer always affected people that way when they drank it for the first time, and assured him that the black would all disappear in a few hours. So after having heaps of fun with him, but on the whole leaving him in much better spirits than they found him, they went away to tell the joke and laugh about it outside.

Towards night he removed the poultice from his nose to see how it was getting along, when, greatly to his surprise and delight, the paint came off with it, leaving quite a respectable looking smeller, although, strange to say, he never tumbled to the racket at all.

The black eye, however, failed to quit him quite so suddenly, and he wore the badge of his first boxing lesson for a week or more.

But he finally recovered and was as fresh as ever, when Tommy Bounce again took him in hand for further instructions, assuring him that he was getting along first-rate, both with his inside and "outside education," and that what he now needed was to become a member of a certain secret society, to make him respected among both freshmen and sophomores.

He worked upon him in this way until Jethro concluded to try it, although not without quite a number of misgivings, for he was not so green as not to see that the gang who was superintending his "education" were at the same time having heaps of fun with him.

"Do you really think I had best join this order of American Knights?" he asked, of Tommy Bounce, the day after he assured him that he would do so.

"Why, cert, old fel, what's the matter with you? Beginning to weaken?" asked Tommy.

They were on the way to recitation when the conversation took place.

"Wal, no, not exactly. But somehow or other it seems to me that you fellows get more fun out of these rackets, as you call them, than I do," replied Jethro, soberly.

"Nonsense; there is no fun in the matter at all, my dear fel; on the contrary, it is all very serious."

Jethro thought so, too, when he remembered his first night's experiences.

"Besides, if you do suspect that there is any fun in the business, why, when you get all through you can enjoy all there is to enjoy when some other fellow is being instructed."

"But I have heard that they put a chap through awful in those secret societies."

"No more severe than the laws and customs of all those ancient orders demand. Another thing—you can never graduate until you have become a member of the secret societies of the college, for such is the custom and usage of every institution in the world."

"Is that so?"

"Fact, I assure you."

Jethro was thoughtful.

"Now, if you value my advice worth anything, don't you weaken or show even a white pin-feather. It is what every student of every college has to go through, and if they do not, they will not only not be allowed to graduate with any record, but will be subjected to all sorts of abuse and annoyance from first to last. Now I'm giving it to you straight and on the dead level, and if you want to be one of the boys—one of the gang—you must brace right up and show 'chase.'"

"What's that, Tommy?"

"Why, show your metal; for if the boys find you weaken, they will make it hotter than dog days for you, and don't you forget it."

"Oh, I won't weaken; only I wanted to know if it was really necessary that I should join these societies."

"Why, cert. Don't I tell you? Besides, the initiation will post you in several things that you could not learn otherwise, and which will be of great interest and advantage to you as you progress in your studies."

"All right, I'll go in; but don't say anything to anybody that I asked you about the matter, for you are the only confidential friend I have got here."

"Oh, that's all right, old fel."

And so they separated for their respective classrooms. The conversation had braced Jethro Mullen up to the sticking point, and he resolved to show them what sort of a fellow he was. But of course the reader knows how much of a friend Tommy Bounce was to him.

So at the next regular meeting of the American Knights there was a large crowd present, this being one of the most popular secret societies of the college, and as they naturally expected to have a good subject for fun, every member was on hand.

As a secret society among students, it unites them during their lives quite as much as Freemasonry or Oddfellowship does, although, unlike these orders, it is simply a burlesque of them, although some portions

of the initiation are quite as solemn and impressive as any that these ancient orders can boast of.

Doubtless many, if not all of my readers have heard something about these secret societies which exist in all colleges, but for their information I will let them into the lodge-room and show them just how Jethro Mullen was put through in order to become an "American Knight."

The students had a private hall of their own a short distance from the college, and it was fitted up with all the appliances that an extensive and varied ritual called for.

Only two or three of Tommy Bounce's gang were officers in the lodge, although they all belonged to it, of course, the officers and leaders generally belonging to the older classes, who took especial delight in initiating the freshmen who came to the college to finish their education, evidently believing that nothing else would put such a complete polish upon a student as becoming an American Knight. But who these officers were was never known to the initiate until he had received all the degrees.

Jethro Mullen was waiting in the anteroom to receive his first degree, and in spite of his brave resolves, it must be confessed that he was a trifle nervous.

He was in the custody of two guards, who wore cowls and masks, and they did not quiet his nervousness much, if any, by the muffled conversation they held, for it was mostly about how such and such an one got hurt by being put through the initiations, or how some other one had got drowned while trying to swim "the watery cave," all of which was said for the purpose of getting him on a string.

But presently there was a rattling of chains on the inside of the door leading to the main hall, and after the pushing back of several big bolts (all this seemed to be so, mind you), the door was flung open, and a man dressed in complete, shining steel armor—complete from head to foot—and with his vizor down, entered the anteroom.

"Is there a pilgrim here who is desirous of being initiated into the noble and ancient Order of American Knights?" asked the Grand Guide, for such was this officer's designation.

"Y—y—yes," stammered Jethro.

"Are you that pilgrim?"

"Wal, I didn't know as I was a pilgrim, but I suppose I am," said he, trying to smile.

"No levity, pilgrim! Are you now prepared to assume the tests of that initiation?"

"Y—yes."

"It is well," said the Guide, placing a halter rope about his neck; and then, taking the other end of it, he said:

"Follow me."

Just then Jethro got his first shiver, and he could feel it running up and down his spine, causing his hair to stand.

The Grand Guide approached the door leading to the hall, and which had been closed after him, and pounded upon it with his mailed fist, striking three blows.

A voice within: "Whose mailed hand is it that beats upon our battlements?"

Grand Guide: "The Grand Guide, who has a pilgrim wishing to be made an American Knight."

Voice within: "Wait until the Grand Commander shall be apprised."

Then followed a moment of silence so intense that Jethro could only hear the beatings of his own heart. Presently the sound of clanking chains and bolts, and a voice calling: "Swing back the portcullis and let the Grand Guide present himself to the inner guard with the password."

At this the door was flung open, and before another one, which led into the hall, two men in armor stood with crossed swords. The Grand Guide approached them with his own sword reversed, and whispered a word first to one and then to the other, at which they nodded and bade him take his pilgrim before the Grand Commander.

The inner door was now flung open and the Guide led Jethro into a darkened hall; so dark that he could not distinguish a face of the hundred or two students who stood up in solemn platoons, each dressed in a black cowl, the hood of which covered his whole head.

And as they entered an organ struck up a solemn march, the grim music of which completely filled the large hall. With his "pilgrim" in tow, the Grand Guide began to march around the hall, and after completing the awful circuit twice, they halted and both knelt before the open tent of the Grand Commander, who occupied the place of honor at the end of the hall.

Then the organist changed from the solemn march he had been playing to an invocation, the same one, by-the-by, that the Peruvians sing in the play of "Pizarro," and the cowed students sang:

"Oh, power supreme, in mercy smile,
With favor on thy servant's toil,
Our hearts from gulfed passions free
Which here we render unto thee."

The effect was solemn and grand, and if Jethro had entertained any doubts regarding the awfulness of the order before, he now felt that he was standing on the verge of something of the most funereal nature.

As the last note of the invocation died away, the Guide and his pilgrim arose to their feet.

"Sir Knight and Sir Guide, whom have you here?" asked the Grand Commander, in a down-cellar voice.

"A pilgrim who is desirous of becoming one of us, worthy Grand Commander."

"Has his character been found to be above reproach, Sir Guide?"

"It has, Worthy Grand."

"By whom?"

"The Grand and Secret Council of Ten."

"It is well. Pilgrim, is it your wish and determination to take upon yourself the terrible oaths; to submit to the startling tests, that the coronet of knighthood may rest rightfully upon your brow, and the sword of honor be harnessed to your side? Answer."

"Yes, sir," replied Jethro, faintly.

"Take him before the Vice Grand Commander for further questioning."

The music was quite a lively march this time, and still holding one end of the rope, the Guide hurried Jethro to the other end of the hall and before the tent of the Vice Grand Commander, while those who had been standing now took seats for the first part of the fun.

"Whom have you here, Sir Guide?"

"A pilgrim desirous of becoming one of us," repeated the Guide.

"Pilgrim, what is your name?"

"Jethro Mullen."

"Jethro Mullen is his name!" shouted the Vice Grand, which shout was immediately repeated by the Grand Commander—then by the Chancellor, then in chorus by everybody, after which the Recorder shouted: "Recorded!" and banged a big gong, which, reverberating through the hall, made Jethro's hair stand again, and the sweat start from every pore.

"Are you a true American Mullen?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, without seeing the joke.

"He is a true American Mullen!" he cried, and this in turn by the other officers, until that one with the gong shouted: "Recorded!" and banged it again.

All this officer had to do was simply to pound the gong in the most effective manner, and shout: "Recorded!" in double bass.

"Well, Mr. Jethro Mullen, before asking you to take upon yourself the oaths and obligations of knighthood, it is but simple justice that we ask you again if you are willing and anxious to take those oaths and obligations?"

"I am."

"He takes!" shouted the officer, which cry was repeated as before, and finally, "Recorded."

"Allow me to congratulate you on your courage and determination. Guide, show him the awful remains, after which remove him to the ante-room, and return with him clothed as a suppliant pilgrim, seeking the honors of knighthood," said the Vice Grand Commander.

Music again in the shape of a dirge, and Jethro was marched to the center of the hall, where a pall was suddenly removed from a coffin, displaying the ghastly remains (in wax) of a beheaded man. Jethro recoiled in terror, for, by the dim light, it looked like an actual corpse.

"Pilgrim, behold the remains of a recreant American Knight!" shouted the Grand Commander.

"Death to traitors!" shouted the crowd, in a dreadful chorus.

"Pilgrim Mullen, those bloody remains not long ago possessed life; not long ago, when alive, he took upon himself the vows of knighthood and afterwards proved recreant to them. He was not suffered to live. Let this terrible sight be impressed upon your mind forever. Depart!"

That was just what Jethro was glad to do, for he was horrified at the sight, so the guide conducted him back to the ante-room.

But no sooner had the door closed behind him than a complete and instantaneous change came over those solemn knights. The gas was turned up bright, and the cowls and masks were thrown aside, and the merry faces of two hundred students came full in view, while the "bloody remains" were hustled into a closet where different kinds of paraphernalia were kept.

Some of them capered about the hall, some shook hands over what had been and what was to come, while others arranged the different traps and contrivances to be used in further initiation.

Jethro in the meanwhile was being securely blindfolded, for what was to follow was not for him to see. He groaned in spirit and wanted to ask the Guide if he didn't think it was awful, but he didn't dare to do it. There seemed to be only one way, and that was to brace up and take it.

By the time he was again taken into the hall everything was ready for the first degree, and quiet had been restored. The Guide placed him before the Grand Commander, while the other knights got themselves into as comfortable positions as they could to witness the fun.

"Is the pilgrim still resolved, Sir Guide?"

"He is, Worthy Grand."

"Then take him before the worthy Vice-Grand, there to receive the oaths which will make him a member of this glorious order of American Knighthood, founded by the immortal Washington."

Jethro was placed in a kneeling position before the Vice-Grand.

"Pilgrim Mullen, repeat after me, inserting after the pronoun 'I' your own name: 'I, Jethro Mullen, on my bended knees, grasping the naked sword of knighthood, solemnly promise and swear that I will never reveal the secrets of the order of American Knights which I shall receive during my initiation; that I will obey all superior officers in everything; that I will protect with my life a brother American Knight, his wife, sweetheart, sisters, uncles, cousins and aunts; that I will share my last cent with him on any occasion; that I will preserve inviolate all signs and passwords belonging to the order; that I will give away neither them nor any member of the order under any circumstances, binding myself under no less an obligation than having my head severed from my body like unto the example I have seen to-night, and having my

property confiscated for the benefit of all brother knights, so help me Moses and keep me braced up!"

"Recorded!" shouted he of the gong.

"Kiss the sword!" said the Guide, and Jethro, in his nervousness, actually bit it.

"Now, Sir Guide, take him before the worthy Grand Chancellor that he may be further questioned and instructed."

With the perspiration oozing from every pore in his skin, the blindfolded victim was taken to the other side of the hall, where sat the Chancellor, surrounded by Tommy Bounce and those who knew the most about him, ready to post the officer with questions to ask the poor devil.

"Mr. Mullen, where were you born?"

"Bennington, Vermont."

"Born in the Green Mountain State!" the Chancellor shouted, as also the other two officers, after which it was duly recorded by a bang on the gong.

"Mr. Mullen, do you belong to any military organization in your native State?"

"No, sir."

"Do you understand the manual of arms?"

"No, sir."

"He does not understand."

"Recorded!"

And then the Commander spoke:

"Turn him over to the pursuivant-at-arms."

Then a new man took him, and placing a heavy, old-fashioned musket in his hand, he proceeded to put him through the manual of arms, instructing him as he went along, and in such a hurry that it nearly killed him.

So awkwardly did he behave that two or three times he banged his toes with the butt of the musket when he attempted to "ground arms," causing the crowd to almost burst with suppressed laughter.

"That will do for the present, but you must come here for half an hour every morning before chapel, and be drilled by the pursuivant until you are perfect in every arm, from a columbiad to a pop-gun. By this you will see that this is a military order, if you did not know it before. Can you swim, Mr. Mullen?"

"A—little," said Jethro, all out of breath.

"We must have a specimen of your swimming abilities. What, ho! Warden!" he called.

The sound of a person walking from the other end of the hall could be made out by Jethro.

"Warden, is the large tank filled?"

"I am sorry to say, Worthy Chancellor, that the tank is still in the hands of the plumbers for repairs," said the supposed warden, whereat the Chancellor manifested a deal of indignation, just what the ritual called for, of course.

"I would suggest," said the Vice-Grand, "that inasmuch as the candidate admits that he can swim a little, and as our tank is empty, that he be placed horizontally upon a stool, resting on his abdomen, and in that position go through the motions of swimming, so that we can get an idea of his stroke."

This being finally agreed to, Jethro was placed upon a stool, while his friends gathered around to see his stroke, some of them with handkerchiefs crammed into their mouths to keep them from "laughing out in meeting."

"Now, Mr. Mullen, strike out," said the Chancellor, and Jethro began to imitate the motions of a swimming frog as best he could. "Faster!" shouted the officer. "Reach farther with your arms! Spread your legs apart further! Harder on your bow oar! Now go it, altogether!" and poor Jethro never put in such licks before in the whole course of his life; but to encourage him, those who stood around applauded his efforts.

"That will do. Have you got his stroke, swimming master?" he asked, speaking to another imaginary personage. "Very well, then. But, Mr. Mullen, you will also have to spend half an hour each evening in our tank, for to be a good swimmer is a very important accomplishment for a knight."

Jethro was assisted to his feet, and stood there puffing like a blown pig.

CHAPTER VII.

JETHRO MULLEN was being made an "American Knight," while Tommy Bounce and his gang, as well as nearly all of the students of Yale College, were enjoying the fun of seeing him put through an initiation that made his hair stand.

The first part of the initiation, where he was not blindfolded, although the hall was dimly lighted, had been so solemn that he believed every word of it, and never tumbled to one of the rackets they were playing upon him, all the while believing that it was necessary for him to become a knight in order to graduate with any honors at all. Tommy Bounce had told him this, and now he was going to be made one if it almost killed him.

The students had never had a better subject, and they were bound to give it to him with all the quirks and extras.

We left him just getting up from a three-legged stool where they had had him to strike out and show his swimming stroke. They did this pretending that their tank wherein they usually tested initiates was out of repair (as it always was, this being a part of the racket), and Jethro "struck out" to the great delight of everybody present.

The Grand Chancellor, before whom he was now being examined relative to his qualifications for becoming a soldier knight, was very thorough in his part of the business, and what he did not think of others suggested to him.

"Mr. Mullen, we have no doubt but that you will make a strong swimmer in time, and if we were en-

gaged in an active campaign, as we are liable to be, we might have to swim rivers, carrying our muskets and ammunition in our mouths to keep them from getting wet. I trust you see the point?"

"I do," said Jethro, faintly.

"He sees it!" bawled the Chancellor, and it was repeated by the other officers and then duly "recorded" by the Grand Recorder, who banged a big gong and intoned in a voice which sounded as though it came through ten joints of stove-pipe; all of which was very solemn to Jethro, although the others were ready to split themselves with suppressed laughter.

As a loud laugh would have given the whole "circus" away, they all had to be very guarded, for the business was so comical that it would have made a cigar-store Indian laugh. So the reader can judge how hard the fellows had to work to "hold in."

"There is another thing, Mr. Mullen, that I would like to have go upon the great record at this stage of your initiation. I have before me (in his mind) the record of the findings of the Grand Secret Council of Ten while investigating your character and fitness for the honors of knighthood, and it seems they were somewhat in doubt regarding your courage. Now, while I differ from them slightly, on account of what I have seen of you this evening, yet it is but justice to all concerned that you go upon the record before this assembly of American Knights. And I will put it to you in this way. Supposing we were out on a campaign and in front of the enemy; would you lie in ambush and steal into the enemy's camp for the good of the order?"

"I would," said Jethro, promptly.

"He would lie and steal for the good of the order!" thundered the Chancellor, in a tone of triumph.

This was duly repeated and "recorded" with an extra bang on the old gong, while several fellows were obliged to go out of the hall in order to give vent to their pent-up laughter.

But Jethro never tumbled.

"I am proud to hear you say so, and it has already gone upon the great record in your favor. But knighthood demands even greater tests of your bravery. Bring forth the testing swords!" he called.

"They are here, Worthy Chancellor," said the Guide.

"Tis well. Place them in position and give the candidate the knight's leap."

Thereupon the Guide assumed management for a few moments, while poor, blindfolded Jethro stood there wondering what the "knight's leap" was like unto.

The Guide drew his own sword, and then calling upon two imaginary Sir Knights to hold other supposed swords, he proceeded:

"Mr. Mullen, do you feel the point of this sword?" he asked, placing it with the hilt end upon the floor, and guiding Jethro's hand so that he could feel the point.

"Yes, I—"

"Well, the knight's leap consists in jumping while blindfolded over this sword, without receiving harm from it, and then recovering yourself so as to leap over another and another. They are placed three feet apart, point upwards. (Will Sir Knight Baily be good enough to hold that sword a little more carefully?) Now, then, are you ready?"

Jethro almost wilted in his boots.

"Are you ready?"

"Y—y—yes—that is, I—"

"Sir Guide, does the candidate falter?" asked the Grand Chancellor.

"Do you hesitate to take the leap?" asked the Guide, severely.

"No—n—no, that is—"

"What is?"

Jethro was on the point of asking if they wouldn't "pass" on that particular deal, but the thought of perhaps more terrible things that they might inflict on him as a penalty made him resolve to put on an as bold a front as possible, although it was plain to be seen that he was very badly frightened.

"Nothing," said he.

"He does not falter, Worthy Grand Chancellor."

"Tis well. Stand all apart and let him take the leap. Is the Grand Surgeon present?"

"I am here, Worthy Grand," said somebody.

"Tis well. Be prepared and stand near the candidate. Knights, gather near."

It was all that Jethro could do to stand when he heard this conversation, for now it was very evident that there was danger in this "knight's leap," and he bitterly repented having consented to be initiated at all. But he nerved himself the best he could, and stood ready for the test.

"Are you all ready?"

"Yes."

"Sir Knight Woolley, please hold that sword a little more perpendicular—so. Now, then, Mr. Mullen, leap!"

Gathering all the strength he possessed he did leap. He sprang about four feet into the air, and far enough ahead to have cleared a sword had one been there, which he verily believed to be the fact.

"Good!" said the Grand Chancellor.

"Now leap over the second one."

Jethro jumped quite as high as before, and shook the whole building when he came down upon his big feet, while the spectators were shaking with laughter at the ridiculous performance.

"Bravo!"

"Now the third sword."

Once more did he leap, after which he was rewarded with a hearty round of applause.

"Allow me, in the name of American Knighthood, to congratulate you on your successful accomplishment of this most trying and dangerous feat," said the Grand Chancellor, and if ever there was a poor

devil who felt glad at having escaped from some great danger, Jethro Mullen was that one.

But the mental and physical exertion made the perspiration start from every pore in his skin, and he felt so faint that the Guide led him before the Chancellor, and gave him a chair to sit upon. He never doubted for a moment that he had actually jumped over three swords placed three feet apart, point upwards.

"Mr. Mullen, allow me to join in the congratulations and applause, and from it you can get an idea of how great a feat you have performed. Many, very many, faint or fail to clear the swords, which, in that case, pierce their bodies, sometimes fatally. But that portion of your initiation over with, we will now proceed with the other portions. Do you indulge in intoxicating liquors?" asked the Chancellor.

"No, sir."

"Do you never drink?"

"Never."

"What, never?"

"Well, hardly ever!"

"I suppose you drink occasionally?"

"Only once in a while," said Jethro.

"He does not take it regular!" shouted the official.

"Recorded!" on the gong.

"What is your favorite tippie, Mr. Mullen?"

"I never drink anything but beer."

"Beer is his weakness!"

"Recorded!"

"Well, sir, has the love of beer become a fixed habit with you?"

"No, sir."

"He isn't fixed!"

"Recorded!"

"Have you ever been drunk?"

"N—no."

"What! The records of the Secret Council of Ten say differently, sir."

"Well, I—I did get a little drunk one night up in Tommy Bounce's room," replied Jethro, hanging his head.

"Will you renounce beer forever?"

"Yes, sir."

"He will shake it!"

"Recorded!"

"Are your teeth good?"

"Yes, sir."

"Open your mouth, so that the Grand Surgeon can see them."

Jethro opened a cavity in his head that was large enough for a barn door.

"Wider!" said somebody, whom he thought was the Grand Surgeon, and that time he fairly astonished everybody.

"Could you eat an army biscuit?"

"I guess so."

"Try him with one," said the Chancellor.

"Our hard tack is all out, but here is a piece of our army beef, with which we can test the strength of his jaws," said the Guide, at the same time placing a small, solid india rubber ball in Jethro's open mouth.

"Close on that, Mr. Mullen."

Jethro did as directed and tried to chew it, producing, of course, no further effect than that of creating a laugh, which became audible.

"No levity!" shouted the Chancellor. "If I observe any more of it I shall order some of you under arrest. Proceed with the ceremony."

This was said with great seeming severity, but the Chancellor was himself laughing so heartily that he could scarcely speak.

But Jethro kept chewing away upon that ball, thinking probably if that was army beef that he didn't want any of it.

"That will do. Remove the nutriment. He is a good grinder!"

"Recorded!"

"Let the candidate become perpendicular," said the Chancellor, and Jethro stood up. "Proceed to further test his courage. Take him through the Cave of Despair; over the Path of Difficulty; up the Hill of Trouble, and if he goes bravely through, place him upon the field of the Cloth of Gold for further instructions."

Jethro drew a long breath as the guide took him by the arm and led him around the hall.

On one side there was a box made of boards, open at either end, and was about twenty feet long and two square. To one end of this he was taken, while the "knights" gathered around to assist.

"You are now standing in front of the Cave of Despair, through which you will be required to crawl upon your hands and knees, as some portions of the cave are very narrow. You will undoubtedly get through in safety, although many have failed to do so. You may possibly encounter enemies, and be confused by strange and unearthly sounds, but fear not—a stout heart will take you through. Around your neck I will place this gordian knot, which will act as a charm and a guide to you in this dark labyrinth. Kneel."

Jethro got down upon all fours. The Guide then placed a noose around his neck, which was attached to a long string that extended through the box, and was held by another knight, whose duty was to pull upon it gently, and thus assist him in working his way through the tunnel.

When all was ready they started him into the dreadful "cave," and as soon as he was well out of sight they commenced to pound upon the box with clubs; to rattle chains upon it; to bang the gong, whirl a watchman's rattle; beat drums; foot upon fish horns, and French horns, and, in fact, to make as much of every conceivable noise as lay in their power, and quite enough to frighten any army mule.

The inside of this box was filled with a little of everything that would startle and confuse a person, and with fear and trembling the frightened victim

crept slowly along, expecting that every future moment would be his last, and wondering when he would get through.

Well, he finally emerged with his hair standing on end, and they led him without a word all around the hall, nearly crazing him with their unearthly sounds. Then the guide took him in hand again and stood him upon his feet.

"I congratulate you on your success. Come with me to the Path of Difficulty," and he hurried him into it.

This contrivance consisted of a lot of crooked sticks set on end, and in all sorts of tripping and bewildering ways, fastened to some boards which lay upon the floor.

"Be very careful how you step, or you will fall upon great danger. Step high—higher! Now, then, slowly."

Jethro lifted his feet very high, but in spite of this he was tripped up and fell into this tangle, where he became completely demoralized, and so mixed up that he had to be assisted out.

"Now, then, up the Hill of Trouble," said the guide, seizing him by the arm and hurrying him to another part of the hall.

This "Hill of Trouble" was an incline made of rollers, and, of course, the moment a person stepped upon it he fell down. It was so with Jethro Mullen, and there he was on all fours, trying to struggle up that hill of rollers, cutting about as comical a figure as ever was seen, while the guide urged him to renewed efforts, and finally assisted him to the top, which was stationary.

But the opposite side was just the same, although there wasn't the slightest difficulty in getting down, and the moment Jethro struck it, he went down upon the seat of his trousers, and shot to the bottom of that "hill" as though he had been fired out of a cannon.

"Now to the Field of the Cloth of Gold," said the guide, helping him to regain his feet.

"Oh, Lord! how much longer is it?" asked Jethro, mournfully.

"Your troubles are nearly ended," said the guide, leading him up a step or two which brought him to the top of a table.

"I—I hope so."

"You are now standing upon the royal mound, overlooking the Field of the Cloth of Gold, where all of your troubles will end, and where you will be dubbed a knight by the Grand Chancellor. Do you wish to go to this beautiful field?"

"Yes," this with a little tone of hope.

While this was going on a dozen or so of the "Knights" had arranged themselves in front of the table, where they held a large sheet of canvas to which stout handles were attached, and by which they held it ready to receive their victim and give him a knightly tossing.

"Your wish shall be gratified. Go!" saying which the Guide gave him a push and he fell into the canvas.

Then they gave him a toss into the air which nearly frightened the life out of him, and as he came down they caught and gave him another toss, and continued to do so for about five minutes, after which he was again taken in hand and placed, panting and trembling, before the Grand Chancellor.

"Sir Guide, how did he stand the tests?"

"Like a true knight."

"Good! and as such he shall be dubbed. Kneel, plain Mullen!" And Jethro knelt, after which the Grand Chancellor took the Guide's sword and struck him lightly on the shoulder with it. "Arise ennobled, Sir Jethro Mullen!"

At this there was a round of applause, and Jethro began to regard himself as a hero, and that his initiation was nearly finished, although it was far from being so.

"Sir Guide, place our new comrade at the Bath of Beauty, and there, at the third sound of the gong, let the scales fall from his eyes, that he may see himself as others see him. Place on his head the crown of American Knighthood. Place in his hand the scroll of honor upon which so many noble names are written. Strike the tuneful lyre (not the organist) and let the sweets of music breathe upon the scene." And as they led Jethro away the organ began to play "Molly, Put the Kettle On."

The newly-made knight was crowned with a fool's cap, and for the scroll of honor he was given a huge bologna sausage. Then he was made to stand up in a chair and hold the "scroll" extended at arm's length.

The Bath of Beauty consisted of a large round table, on which were about a dozen bottles and a large number of drinking glasses. Around this stood forty or fifty of the gang, each with a well filled glass in his hand, and Jethro was facing them in his elevated position.

"Is he in due position?" asked the Grand.

"He is, worthy Grand," replied the Guide.

"At the third stroke upon the gong, let the scales fall from his eyes, and may the beauty and solemnity of the scene be forever impressed upon Sir Jethro's mind. Hark! One—Two—Three!" and as the gong-pounder gave it the third bang the blindfold was pulled from Jethro's eyes.

The expression on his face was a study worthy of any comic artist.

"Halloo, Jethro!" cried a dozen merry voices.

"Here's looking at you, old man!" said others, as they drank.

Jethro was utterly dazed and bewildered. He couldn't for the life of him make out what it meant, or what they were all laughing at.

"What have you got in your hand?"

"Let's see your crown, old man."

Jethro looked at the big sausage, and seeing what it was, he dropped it. Then he took off his "crown"

and looked at that, and an expression of disgust began to steal over his face.

"Have a drink, Jethro?" asked Tommy Bounce.

"Wal, by gracious!" he muttered, as he got down from the chair.

"How do you like it as far as you've got?"

"Wal, I'll be goldarned!" and he glanced around the hall for some of the terrible ordeals through which he had passed, but they all had been removed to the store-room.

"Det us drink to the health of our newly-made brother knight," said the Grand Chancellor, and they didn't have to be asked a second time, nor did they have to work very hard to get him to join them.

Ten or fifteen minutes were thus spent at this "Bath of Beauty," during which laughter and good-fellowship was rampant. But Jethro began to suspect that he had been badly sold, when the Grand Chancellor again called the meeting to order and told the Guide to place Sir Jethro before him.

"Sir Knight, from what you have seen you may perhaps suspect that you have been sold. But I hasten to assure you that it is not so. At the 'Bath of Beauty' in which you have just laved yourself after a dusty journey, you simply beheld the knights at refreshment after labor. The sausage which you held in your hand is the emblem of uncertainty; the fool's-cap to show you that you are liable to be taken in. I will now proceed to give you the signs, grips, and passwords that will enable you to work your way into an encampment of knights wherever you may be."

CHAPTER VIII.

JETHRO MULLEN was all attention as the Grand Commander announced that he was about to give him the signs and passwords of the Order of American Knights, into which he had just been initiated.

Tommy Bounce and the gang gathered around to see the finishing touches put upon the initiation over which they had enjoyed so much fun.

As a general thing candidates saw that the whole business was a burlesque the moment the blindfold was removed. But Jethro took it so earnestly, evidently believing that it was all genuine and serious, that they lingered to the very last to see what new thing would occur. The Grand Commander began thus:

"On approaching the outer guard of an encampment of American Knights, you will place your mouth to the wicket and whisper the word 'Jack' in his ear. He will reply to you with the word 'Ass,' and then ask you if you can eat your oats, and you say: 'Let me in and see,' and he will at once admit you. On entering the lodge-room you will at once repair to the center, facing the Grand Commander, and placing your thumb in your ear, thus, wag your head so as to imitate the movement of a jackass' ears. You will then face about to the Vice Grand, and salute him in like manner, receiving from him and the Grand Commander a like salute in return, after which you can take your seat. There are also signs which we make use of in ascertaining if a person be a knight, and for other purposes. For instance, if you wish to find out whether a person is a knight or not, raise your hand to your mouth in this way, as though lifting a glass of lager, and go through the pantomime of drinking it, when, if he be a knight, he will instantly conduct you to the nearest saloon, and 'blow you off,' or, in other words, order up the poison."

This was worse than Greek to Jethro, for as yet he had learned none of the slang terms so common with the students, and "blowing off," or ordering "poison," seemed to him like very sanguinary business, as, indeed, everything else had during the initiation.

"If you ever find yourself being bored by anybody, and wish to get rid of the torment, if you see a person passing whom you suspect may be a brother knight, all you have to do is to go through the motions of boring with an auger, when, if the stranger be a knight, he will at once fly to your rescue, by assuring you that there is a man up the street who is exceedingly anxious to see you at once on important business, and take you away from your trouble and into the nearest saloon, where you will at once ask him to mention his flavor. You can practice this with your companions-in-arms until you perfect yourself, for they will be only too glad to show you how the old thing works in real life."

"We will—we will," said the students, using subcellar tones of voices.

"If you happen to be in mixed company, and consider it impossible to give the hailing sign, you can suddenly say: 'Fellows, what will you have to drink?' and you may rest assured that every American knight will instantly respond."

"They will—they will!" by the students.

"Another method of ascertaining whether you are in good company or not, or whether there are any American knights present, is to place your thumb to your ear and flop your hand back and forth as has already been described to you. But, with the assistance of the brethren present, I will elucidate further, thus:—and the Grand Commander placed his hand in position, and gave it the required "flop," when the gang responded by a vigorous "Ba—a—ah!" which caused Jethro to start up and look around to make sure that the room was not full of jackasses.

"You will probably never find one of the other sex to be a knight, notwithstanding they wear the garter. However, your native modesty and gallantry will keep you from attempting to ascertain. Study well the noble character of ancient knights; especially read those knightly stories written by Sir Walter Scott, and though it may be utterly impossible for a person to do what he describes them as doing, still you had better read them—if you can't possibly find anything better and more sensible. This finishes the instructions at

this time. You will learn much as you go through college, and while perfecting yourself in knightly accomplishments.

"It now remains for you to receive the grip of American knighthood. Be kind enough to stand and extend your right hand."

Jethro did so, nervously.

"The first part of the grip consists in locking the little fingers thus; the shakers then turn the backs of their hands together in this way, after which they bring the balls of their thumbs together thus; then shake. If you wish to make sure that he is a knight, just kick his shins in this way, and he will respond in the (to us) secret word: 'Bah!' But if he should chance not to be a good knight, it may be all day with you. Fellows and companions-in-arms, he is one of us."

A cheer greeted the announcement.

"Stick to him as long as he has a dollar!"

"We will—we will!"

"All hands shake and let the music swell!"

The organ struck up and the fellows gathered around Jethro to give him the "grip" and congratulate him on his elevation.

Then they all sang: "Should old acquaintance be forgot," after which the meeting broke up and the students returned to their quarters.

But there was not much rest for Jethro Mullen that night, for in his dreams he was again being put through that dreadful course of sprouts, causing him to start up in alarm as though the "Old Boy" was after him.

But he had no idea that the whole thing was a burlesque, and the next morning he was found waiting at the hall door, and when asked what he was doing there, he said he was obeying the orders given him by the Chancellor, and was waiting for the officer to come and drill him in the manual of arms.

In fact it did seem as though he would not "tumble" if a house fell on him, and during the next few days the boys had heaps of fun, putting him through all manner of exercises, such as fencing, boxing, and drilling. It was all sober earnest to him.

But at the next meeting of the "Knights," which was, of course, attended by Jethro, he had a chance to see how the old thing worked, for there was another candidate to be put through.

Jethro's face was a study as he watched the initiation, and finally, at last, he really did "tumble" to the racket, and saw how badly he had been fooled. It was a terrible let-down.

He was at first almost inclined to get mad, but thinking that the others had been put through in the same way, and finding so much fun in it, he concluded to make the best of it.

Taking it all together, the students never found a fellow with whom they could have so much fun as they could with Jethro Mullen, and they never neglected him.

On the other hand, Jethro was getting along with his "outside education" very well, he thought, and was secretly congratulating himself that he was getting toughened up very fast, and would soon be as "fly" as any of them, a thing he eagerly sought for now.

Of course Tommy Bounce had many secret conversations with him, for he was "coaching" him all the while. And of course, he told him that he was doing first-rate, only, however, to set him up in some way for more fun.

But instead of ripening much he still remained green enough to serve up for salad whenever Tommy or any of the gang took it into their heads to dish him out.

And this ripening process seemed to require a great deal of beer, for he was bound to show them that he could drink as much of it as any of them, and in doing so he often got the worst of it, while the beer got the best of him.

He did not show up one morning, after being at one of their secret reunions in Tommy Bounce's room, and thinking that, perhaps, he might be suffering with a "head," Tommy and Bill Gunn called on him on their way back from recitation.

They found him sick, as they expected, and looking bad enough for a "terrible example" for a temperance lecturer. He had a wet towel around his head, and in every respect looked as though he was all broken up.

"Halloo, Jethro, how do you feel?" asked Tommy, cheerfully, as he entered the room.

Jethro groaned, and looked at them half reproachfully, but made no reply.

"You look rather shaky this morning," added Bill Gunn. "What's the matter with your callywoodles old man?"

"My head," said he, mournfully.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Oh, it aches so."

"Well, I should think it would," said Tommy.

"I must have drank a good deal last night."

"Well, I should say so."

"In fact, Tommy, I don't remember anything that happened after ten o'clock."

"That's devilish lucky for you."

"How so?"

"I shouldn't want to remember it if I were you, eh, Bill?"

"No—no! Why, I never saw him so full before in my life," replied Bill, taking the wink from Tommy, knowing that he had something that he wanted to work.

"What was it, Tommy?"

"What *was* it? What *wasn't* it, rather!"

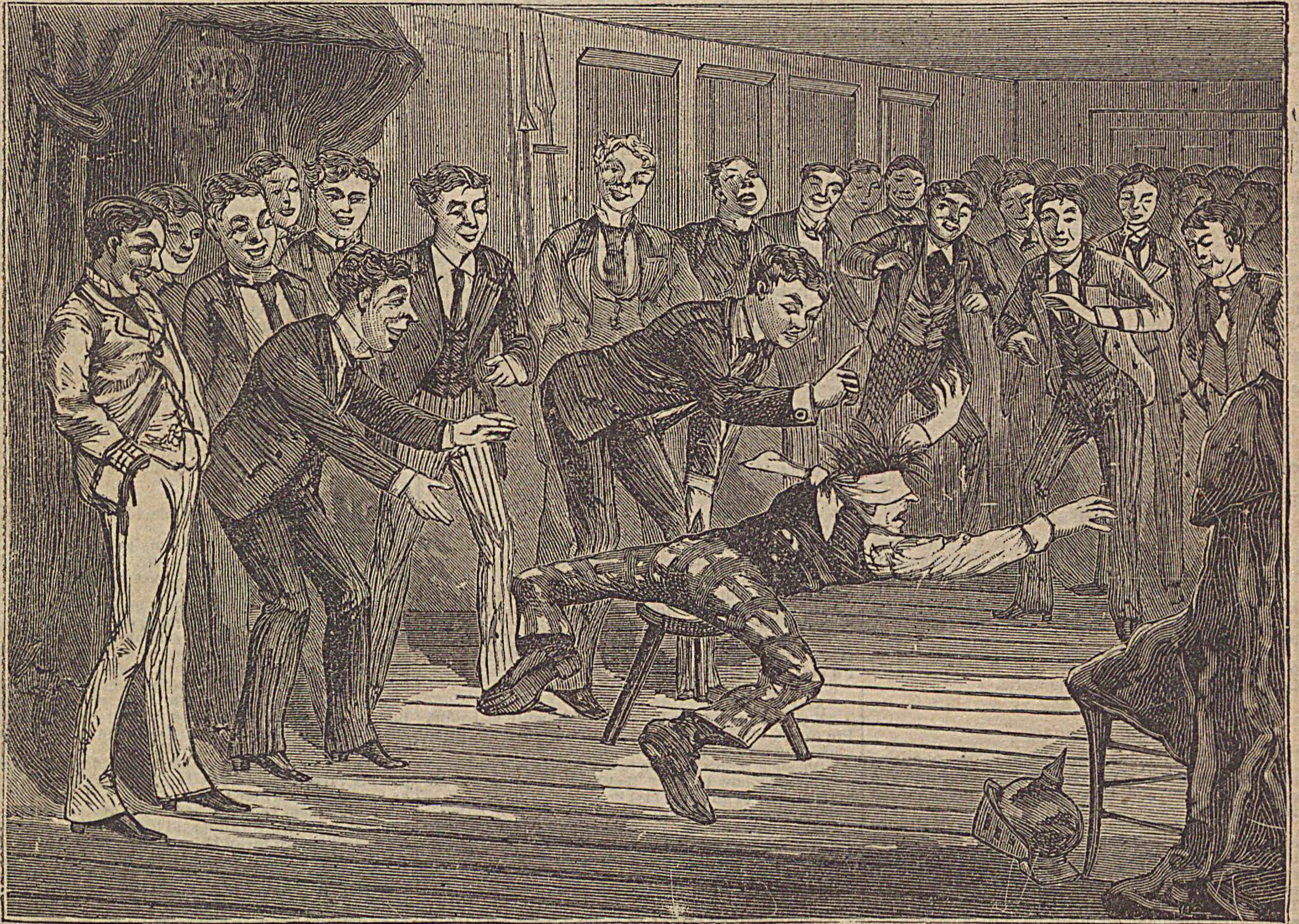
"I don't remember doing anything very bad. Did I?" he asked.

"Well that depends upon what you call bad. If you don't call it bad to shy beer bottles at a professor and—"

"What's that you say, Tommy, a professor?" demanded Jethro, starting up, excitedly.
 "That's about the size of it, Jeth."
 "In Heaven's name, what one?"
 "Blobbs."
 "Blobbs?"
 "Blobbs."
 "Thunderation! Was he there—did he see me drunk?"
 "Drunk as a boiled owl."
 "Full as a goat," put in Bill.
 "Good heavens!"
 "And you don't remember it?"
 "Not a word of it."
 "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown," as some cove in Shakespeare says."

that? Oh, what a fool I was—what a drunken idiot!"
 "Guess you have got it about right."
 "Do you really think he will have me expelled, Tommy?"
 "Well, it is hard to tell. He is a cranky old duffer. But if I were you I would write him a letter of apology."
 "Do you think that would do any good?"
 "It might. Pitch it pretty strong in the pathetic line—say it's your first offense, and if he will only forgive you this once you will never be a naughty boy again. Write it at once, and I will see that it is placed where it will do the most good," said Tommy.
 "Oh, thank you, I'll do it," and taking up a pen, he wrote a most abject letter, as Tommy had directed, and handed it to him.

"Talk to him like a Dutch uncle, and I guess he won't fire you out."
 "I hope not. What would my folks say?"
 "Say it served you right, I suppose."
 "And so it would. But I'm ever so much obliged to you, Tommy."
 "Oh, that's all right. I always stick to my friends. I'll do anything I can for you, of course."
 They shook hands and separated. Jethro at once began to study up a speech to deliver to the supposed angry and insulted professor, and had it all committed to memory by seven o'clock.
 Tommy Bounce and about a dozen of the fellows secreted themselves behind a screen which stood in the room, while Bill Gunn, got up so as to look strik-



"Now, Mr. Mullen, strike out," said the Chancellor, and Jethro began to imitate the motions of a swimming frog as best he could.

"How was it, Tommy?"
 "Well, pretty warm, we all thought," said Tommy, and then he and Bill laughed.
 "I mean, how did it happen?"
 "Oh, well, you somehow got it into your head that you could dance a breakdown on the table, and attempted it. It was a breakdown in some respects—a breakdown for the table and one or two chairs. Well, this, of course, made a great row, and Blobbs overheard it, so up he came to learn the cause of it, and as he came into the door you threw a bottle at him, and offered to bet ten to one that you could knock the wart off his nose at ten paces."
 "Heaven and earth!" groaned Jethro, while the two tormentors exchanged winks over the success of their "string."
 "And barely possible you don't remember asking him to waltz with you?"
 "No—no—no!"
 "Or of trying to have him join you in a glass of beer?"
 "Oh, good heavens!"
 "Or of asking him how much it cost him to color his bugle?"
 "Tommy, I don't remember a thing of it. Is it possible that I made such a confounded fool of myself?"
 "Well, that's about the measure of it."
 "What did he say?"
 "He got out without saying much, further than that you would be likely to hear from him when you became sober enough to comprehend the discipline of the college."
 "Oh, did he say that? Boys, what do you think he will do?" he asked, anxiously.
 "Oh, he may do nothing worse than have you expelled," replied Tommy, calmly.
 "Nothing worse! What could he do worse than

"That's all right. Now lie low until you hear from me again," saying which the two rogues left him alone in his misery.
 "If he only forgives me I'll never drink another glass of beer in my life," mused Jethro. "It's no use, I can't be a tough like those other chaps, and I'll have to try to worry through college respectable, if I don't get all the honors on account of it."
 And there he was, squarely on another "string" by that prince of practical jokers, Tommy Bounce. There never appeared to be any trouble in getting him on for a circus at any time, but this one was entirely new.
 Tommy and Bill at once notified the gang to meet in his room, where he proceeded to give them a full account of the racket, after which he read Jethro's letter to Professor Blobbs.
 This of course produced much merriment, and then Tommy went on to explain how they would end the matter that evening, in Frank Rackaboy's room, with the assistance of Bill Gunn and his make-up in imitation of Professor Blobbs.
 Then he visited Jethro again, and found him pacing up and down his room in a state of great agitation.
 "Did you see him, Tommy?"
 "Yes. He read your letter. At first he was very indignant, but I talked to him for a few minutes to smooth the matter over, and finally he seemed to weaken a little."
 "Did he?"
 "Yes, and he finally consented to see you this evening in No. 12. He uses that room sometimes, you know, especially when he wants to 'go for' a poor devil. Now, be there at seven sharp, and tell him all about it, only don't weaken and give any of us away. Say it was your own fault."
 "Yes—yes, I will. I'll do anything if he won't expel me," said Jethro, eagerly.

ingly like Professor Blobbs, sat in a chair by the table.
 Punctually on time Jethro Mullen put in an appearance.
 "Oh, professor, please forgive me this time," he exclaimed, throwing himself upon his knees before him most abjectly, while the fellows peeped from behind the screen and from partly opened closet-doors.
 The picture was comical to the last degree, and had they not been well versed in "holding in," they would undoubtedly have laughed right out.
 "You were drunk, sir," thundered Bill, imitating the voice of the professor to a nicety.
 "Oh, yes, I know I was; but forgive me,"
 "Drunk, sir, breaking the rules of morality and the college at the same time, sir."
 "Yes, I know it, professor; but if you will only forgive me I will never do so again."
 "How came you to be in Mr. Bounce's room?"
 "I—I went there to—to—"
 "To get drunk, sir, and to assault people. Have you ever been drunk before?"
 "N—n—no, sir."
 "What! Don't attempt to deceive me, sir. You have often been drunk, sir, and I know it. Do the others ever get drunk?"
 "No, sir; not as I ever saw."
 "Well, perhaps they don't hold enough to make them drunk, or you get too full to remember."
 "But I won't do it again, sir."
 "That I am not sure of. Will you swear off and sign this pledge, if I do not expel you?"
 "Oh, yes, sir, gladly," said he, quickly.
 "And keep out of the rooms of those bad young men?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "You can keep company with Mr. Gunn, for he is a nice young man, but beware of Mr. Bounce and the

others, for they are bad and will lead you to your ruin. Sign that pledge," said Bill, pointing to a piece of paper.

Jethro signed it without knowing whether it was a death-warrant or a hash receipt.

"Now go to your room, sir, and in order that I may know that you are keeping this pledge, salute me whenever we meet hereafter by seizing one of your ears in either hand and holding on to them until I bow to you."

"Oh, thank you, sir—thank you; and you shall see how grateful I am to you."

"We shall see, sir," said he, waving him away.

Well, wasn't there a laugh after Jethro got out of hearing? You bet there was, and they all gathered around Bill Gunn and congratulated him upon the manner in which he had conducted the thing.

"Let's see his pledge," said Tommy, and taking up the paper, he read aloud:

"I freely acknowledge that I am the veriest jackass in Yale College. JETHRO MULLEN."

This, of course, produced another laugh.

"How is that for a pledge?"

"Good for the truth, at all events. But the best thing will be when we see him saluting Professor Blobbs," and they laughed and talked the matter over in their usual way until the night was nearly half gone.

As for Jethro, he went back to his room with a much lighter heart than he had left it, thankful that he had escaped the great disgrace that threatened him, as he supposed, and thinking what a good friend Tommy Bounce was to him.

The next morning they all responded to the chapel-bell, so as to be on hand to see the fun, and they didn't have to wait long, for presently Jethro came in front of Professor Blobbs, as he stood by the chapel-door to see who failed to respond to the pious bell.

Seizing an ear in each hand, he faced the astonished professor, who looked at him wonderingly.

"Well, sir, what is the matter with you?" he asked, after gazing at him a moment.

"I remember it," replied Jethro.

"Remember what?"

"My pledge, sir."

"You are an ass, sir, or you are drunk, in which case a pledge would be very appropriate."

"Last night, you know," said Jethro, thinking that perhaps the occurrence had slipped his mind.

"What of last night—were you intoxicated?"

"No, sir, I—"

"You are an idiot, I think. Go in," he said, peremptorily, and Jethro moved away, at the same time thinking how strangely the professor acted.

But Tommy had told him he was cranky, and this might be one of his "cranks," so he let the matter drop, and attended to prayers, while the boys were having a good laugh.

During the day the "pledge" was returned to him from some unknown source, and a more puzzled freshman was never seen in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

THE next time Jethro Mullen met Professor Blobbs he again saluted, as per agreement, by facing him and seizing his ears, and then waiting for the promised recognition.

This was the third time that he had done this strange and utterly incomprehensible caper, and the old man began to think that it was a studied insult, and he resented it. Those who read the preceding chapter will understand how the racket came about, as, also, how Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn worked it out to make a fool of the freshman for about the fiftieth time.

"What do you mean, sir, by such conduct towards me?" demanded the irate professor.

"Why, didn't you tell me to?" asked Jethro.

"No, sir; I am quite certain that I never told you to make an ass of yourself."

"But you know when you sent for me the other night, don't you?"

"No, sir; I never sent for you."

"What—not on account of that disgraceful affair in Mr. Bounce's room?"

"I know nothing about it, sir."

"But do you not remember of sending for me to reprove me, in No. 12, for throwing a bottle of beer at you?"

"Mullen, you are certainly crazy. What under Heaven are you talking about?" asked Professor Blobbs, taking a closer look at him.

"You don't know nothing about it—about that pledge you made me sign?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir, nothing. You must be out of your head."

"Well, I guess I am," mused Jethro, for now he was as much astonished as the professor was. It even got ahead of the "pledge," which the boys had returned to him, as will be remembered.

What did it mean?

The professor thought he knew, and charged the whole affair to some certain mischievous youths. But he told Jethro not to make a fool of himself by holding his ears any more.

This puzzled the freshman very much, and the next opportunity he had he interviewed Tommy Bounce regarding it.

"What do you suppose he means?" he asked; "why, he actually says he never sent for me about that drunken affair; never saw me in No. 12; never asked me to sign a pledge, and don't know what I mean when I give him the very salute he told me to give him, to assure him that I remembered my pledge."

"Gone clean back on you, eh?" asked Tommy.

"Well, it somehow seems so."

"But you don't understand him, Jethro."

"No, that's so, I don't. Do you?"

"Cert."

"How is it, then?"

"Testing you," replied Tommy, placing his finger upon his nose and looking wise.

"Testing me?"

"Cert."

"How?"

"Wants to see if you weaken."

"Bout what?"

"That pledge."

"Think so?"

"Cert."

"But I don't understand it."

"Why, he wants to see if he can bluff you out of your agreement. That is an old game of his; played it often on the boys. If he tells you not to salute him, he simply does it to see what sort of stuff you are made of, and if you refuse to keep up the agreement and he catches you neglecting to salute him, then he'll nab you."

"Do you think so, Tommy?"

"Of course. Don't I tell you that he is an old crank, and that he has caught several of the fellows that same way? Don't make any mistake."

"Waal, I declare! Isn't he queer?"

"Of course he is. Don't mind what he says, but do just as you told him you would in spite of everything, and if he upbraids you again, do as Harry Harbo did once."

"How was that?"

"Well, he was trying to play some such snap on him as this one on you, for he is great with his 'salutations,' as he calls them, and when he refused to recognize Harry (just to test his grit, you know), he just gave it to him this way," and Tommy placed his thumb to his nose, and spreading out his fingers like a fan, he wriggled them in an effective and well-known way.

"Did he do that, Tommy?" asked Jethro, looking at him in comical surprise.

"To be sure he did. Nothing slouchy about Harry, you bet."

"But what did Professor Blobbs say?"

"Oh, he kicked at first, and pretended that Harry was insulting him, but after he persisted in doing it a few times, in connection with his 'salute,' the old man weakened and let up on him."

"Would you advise me to do that way?"

"Well, I don't say so, but you must do as you think best; I only tell you how Harry worked it. But I advise you not to be bluffed."

"Of course I won't. If he tries to play that game on me again, I'll try the other thing."

"All right; but don't say I told you about it."

"No; certainly I won't. It's real good of you to keep me posted so well, Tommy."

"That's all right, Jethro. Didn't I tell you that if you would only stick to me and do as I told you to, I'd make a tough of you?"

"Yes, you did."

"And haven't I?"

"Well, Tommy, I hardly know. Sometimes I think I'm tough, but then something is sure to come up to knock me tender again."

"Oh, such things happen to everybody."

"But somehow or other they seem to happen to me oftener than to anybody else."

"No; you only think so."

"What do you think of that?" he asked, handing Tommy the "pledge" which he had signed unknowingly, and which had been returned to him anonymously afterwards.

Tommy took it and read, soberly:

"I acknowledge myself to be the veriest ass in Yale College."

"JETHRO MULLEN."

"What does this mean?" he asked, looking up.

"That's what I don't know."

"How about the signature; is it yours?"

"That's what puzzles me some more, Tommy."

"Why so?"

"Because it's mine."

"The deuce it is!"

"Yes, sir. I'll swear to that signature anywhere."

"But did you sign such a document as this?"

"There's where I'm puzzled again. I haven't signed my name but once to anything but a letter that I wrote to the old folks at home, for at least a month."

"When and where was that?"

"Why, that pledge I was telling you about."

"But this is no pledge; it is a confession."

"Yes, and a pretty square one, too, I should say," replied Jethro, smiling sadly.

"Well, rather. Where did you get it?"

"It was sent to me in an envelope just as it is, and without a word of explanation."

"Jeth, I suspect that some of the sophs are hazing you."

"No, do you, though?"

"It looks like it."

"What, after I have been made a knight?"

"Oh, that's all right! If you don't look out they'll haze you even at the chapel door. What you want to do is to stick close to the gang, our gang, and keep clear of all other crowds."

"It's awful hard work, Tommy, to know who to skip and who to stick to in this college."

"Same way in all colleges. But you stick to us, and we'll make a bright and shining tough of you yet. Understand?"

"Yes, Tommy," said he, faintly. "But Professor Blobbs told me to keep clear of you."

"Oh, that's because we had rather you should remain green than otherwise for he and the whole fac-

ulty believe that a green student learns faster and better than a tough one. See?"

"But do you think so?"

"Nonsense! These old duffers of professors want to earn their salaries just as easily as they possibly can, and if they can only keep the students right down to hard study and not let them have any fun, why, they get along all the easier; that is, it makes it easier for the professors."

"I see."

"Now, so far as old Blobbs is concerned, he is a lazy old crank, and if he can do anything to make it warm for a student, you bet he is just going to do it, and if he finds a fellow soft enough to stand his nonsense without kicking, he will give him enough of it."

"Now I understand it. Tommy, you are as bright as a dollar," he added, admiringly.

"Got to be, don't you see?"

"Yes," and shaking hands they parted company, Jethro to go to his studies, and Tommy to give the new snap away to the gang.

Well, that afternoon Jethro encountered Professor Blobbs in the recitation room, and the moment he came in sight of him, he again took hold of his two ears and pulled them out as far as possible, facing the old fellow and waiting for a recognition.

Blobbs could stand this sort of nonsense no longer. Jethro was either a fool, or was trying to insult him. The whole class was roaring with laughter, and for the moment "Horace" wasn't anywhere by the side of "Jethro."

"Mullen, come up here before the class," cried the irate professor, red in the face.

Jethro obeyed, and walked up upon the reading form, still holding his ears.

"What do you mean, sir, by such idiotic behavior as this? Put down your hands."

Jethro obeyed, but instantly placed his thumb to his nose, and went through with the fan business which Tommy had shown him.

This was adding insult to insult.

Unable to stand it any longer, Blobbs seized him with both hands by the collar, and began to shake him, while the class laughed all the louder.

Oh, how he shook him!

"Ah—ah!" cried Jethro.

"You infernal booby, what do you mean by such conduct?"

"You told me—me to."

"You are a falsifier, sir," replied Blobbs, giving him another shaking up.

"I'll—I'll leave it to—Tommy Bounce."

"He knows nothing about it, sir. You have insulted me repeatedly, sir, and you must make amends or leave the school."

"Lemme go. I—I'm crazy. I know I am."

"It would be charitable to think so, for I am certain that you are too big a fool to attempt such a thing in malice, or in your own senses. Now go to your room, sir, and after recitation hours report in person to President Ham," said he, pushing him from the form.

Jethro made tracks for the door, while Professor Blobbs, red as a boiled lobster, and puffing like a steam-engine, turned upon the laughing class and wheezed out a command for silence.

It was a minute or two before the old rooster could get his breath sufficiently to speak, for the exercise had completely winded him.

"Young men, you have doubtless enjoyed this exhibition, but I warn you," said he.

They all looked up and at each other in surprise.

"Oh, you may affect surprise at that, but I feel convinced of the truth of what I say when I tell you that I believe that some, if not all, of you are responsible for that freshman's behavior toward me. You have done nothing but haze him ever since he first came here. I think he is naturally a studious, unassuming, and inoffensive person, but you have put him up to something or other in this connection, and I shall find you out. But woe to the man who is found guilty!"

The guilty ones especially looked the picture of injured innocence, while those of the class who knew nothing about it seemed utterly dumbfounded at the statement.

"Yes, I am determined to sift this matter to the bottom, and, as I said before, woe to the student who is found to be guilty. Let the matter drop for the present and attend to recitation," he added, taking up his Latin text-book.

If Jethro Mullen ever doubted his sanity in his life, he doubted it now. What to do or say he could not think. What did it all mean, anyway? One thing he now felt perfectly certain about, and that was that Professor Blobbs was dreadfully in earnest in regard to that "salute," but how to account for it he couldn't for the life of him tell.

"I guess I'm off my nut somehow," he mused, as he seated himself in his room. "I haven't mind enough to stand a college education, and I shall never be a lawyer. But to think of being expelled—oh! what will my folks say? But I guess they'll heave me out this time and no mistake, so I may as well commence to pack up my duds."

At that moment Tommy Bounce knocked and entered the room, having called on his way back from recitation.

"Oh, Tommy, what does it mean?" he asked, the moment he saw his supposed friend.

"Hang me if I know, Jeth. There is a great mystery about the whole affair," replied Tommy, looking serious.

"They'll fire me out this time sure."

"I am afraid so."

"What do you advise me to do?"

"Why, go to old 'Presy' and tell him the whole affair, from first to last, taking care of your friends, or

course, not to give them away, and ask him for a solution to the mystery."

"Yes, that's the only way," mused Jethro.

"But don't say how you came to get full. Say you had a toothache, and in attempting to quiet it with some brandy some of it slipped down your throat and downed you. See?"

"All right; I'll do the best I can."

"Say you was in your own room; not in mine."

"I'll make the best story I can, Tommy."

And with this understanding they shook hands and parted, Tommy feeling a trifle uneasy himself.

Jethro was greatly cast down when he went before the college president, who had by this time heard of his conduct from Professor Blobbs, who, however, imparted his suspicions that the other members of the class were more to blame than the green Vermonter was.

Jethro attempted to concoct a good story when brought up before the austere president, for the purpose of shielding his friends. But the old man detected the effort, and brought him up with a round turn, demanding the truth of him (pretending to have learned it from some other source), when the poor devil weakened, and told the whole story just as it was.

Then the president was puzzled, and sent for Professor Blobbs for him to explain his part of the affair. But when he denied all knowledge of the business from first to last until Jethro began to "salute" him, matters looked even more mysterious and cloudy than before.

"Now, sir, on pain of instant expulsion, tell me the truth about this," said the president.

"Well, sir, I sincerely thought it was Professor Blobbs, and if it was not, it was somebody else who looked and dressed just like him," replied Jethro, sorrowfully.

The teachers exchanged glances.

"I wouldn't insult anybody in the world, but I certainly thought I was doing just as he told me to do," and he fairly whimpered.

"Mullen, your story will have to stand until we can prove or disprove it. Return to your studies, and keep clear of the students you have mentioned until we can look into the matter. But I strongly suspect that you have been most outrageously duped and hazed by somebody. Go."

Jethro went, feeling a trifle better.

"Professor Blobbs, there is mischief here that must be found and rooted out," said the president.

"I feel certain of it, sir."

"I am told that both Bounce and Gunn were expelled from a school kept by Mr. Slam, and I think they will bear a deal of watching here, as well as a dozen others with whom they associate. Keep a close eye on them, and I will set a secret watch that will be sure to catch the rogues."

"I hope so, sir."

"It must be done for the credit of our college," and then, after Blobbs had gone, he asked himself, "Who can it be who looks so homely and so like Blobbs as to be able to personate him so artfully?"

Tommy Bounce and the gang was waiting near at hand so as to intercept Jethro when he came from the president's house.

"What did he say?" was the general inquiry.

"Oh, Lord, boys, don't ask me," replied Jethro.

"You didn't give us away, did you?" asked Tommy, acting as spokesman for the party.

"No, not exactly, but I'll tell you what, he frightened me into telling all I knew."

"What! Did you give us away?"

"Well, I tried to work the toothache racket on his ribs, but he wouldn't have it. He said that he had been informed all about it, and if I didn't tell him the truth he would fire me out of the college," replied Jethro, sadly.

"And you weakened?"

"What could I do?"

"Told all about it?"

"What could I do?"

"And so the whole thing is out?" asked Tommy.

"But he said he would fire me out."

"Ah, that was bluff."

"Taft."

"Work—on a duffer," sneered Mark Harmer.

"Well, what did he say?" asked Tommy, after the boys had expended their expressions.

"He said he suspected that I was—"

"A d—d fool?" asked Rackaboy.

"Yes," replied Jethro, honestly.

The fellows laughed, and, speaking among themselves, said the old man had got him down pretty fine.

"Well, what else did he say?" asked Tommy.

"Said he was going to set a watch on you."

"Who?" asked half a dozen.

"Why, the bad students," replied Jethro.

"Oh!" this by all hands, indicating that it wasn't them.

"That lets us out," said Tommy.

"Of course."

"Always," and they all laughed.

"Only going to watch the bad boys, eh? Well, he must mean those sophomores," said Bill Gunn.

"Of course," was the general chime.

"Jethro, I am afraid you will never make a great lawyer," said Tommy Bounce.

"I am afraid not, too, if things go on this way."

"Not even a great li—ar," added Smally.

"Say, fellows, we must commence to hedge," suggested Tommy, speaking aside to those who stood around him.

"That's so."

"Old Presy" evidently tumbles to the racket."

"It looks like it."

"And so does Blobbs."

"That's so."

"Fellows, I am sorry to announce it, but it looks as though we had either got to lay exceedingly low for a few weeks, or else come right down to the point of behaving ourselves," said Tommy Bounce, with mock gravity.

"Alas, it does look that way."

"Look here, Jethro, if you value your life at a pin's worth, beware how you mention our names hereafter. You have given us away, and actually made it seem to 'Presy' that we are bad students," said Tommy, whereat they all groaned.

"But didn't he threaten to expel me?"

"What is that? I say fellows, we will have to initiate him into the ancient order of *Damon and Pythias* before he fairly understands his duties as an American student," said Tommy, turning to the gang.

"That's so."

"American knighthood isn't strong enough for him, is it?"

"No—no!" they all cried.

"Yes, it is. I have got all I want," said Jethro, earnestly, starting to go.

"Yes, but you have given us more than we want. You must be initiated into a more solemn order."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Jethro, thinking of what he had already been through.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER making the announcement that Jethro Mullen was still too fresh, and that he would have to be initiated into that most solemn of all known orders, the ancient order of *Damon and Pythias*, before he could be trusted by the college gang, Tommy Bounce and his friends left Jethro to his own reflections.

As for Jethro, he didn't want any. He had received all he wanted while being initiated into the order of American Knights, and he felt that what he learned therein ought to be enough to satisfy any ordinary ambition, and so he felt bad because his friends blamed him for what he had done against them while before the president of the Yale College for examination in relation to his conduct to Professor Blobbs.

As for Tommy Bounce and the gang, of which he was the acknowledged captain, they came suddenly to the conclusion that they had better lay very low for a few weeks, and turn their fun, if they had any, into entirely new channels.

They had many sober meetings upon the matter, and finally it was agreed to drop Jethro for awhile and pay attention to the many out-door sports which now were in full season.

Among those sports were base-ball, foot-ball, and skating, and, of course, dozens of students belonging to the different classes were engaged in these pastimes when their studies did not call for them in their own or the class-rooms.

And Tommy Bounce introduced a new game called "Hokey" or "Shunny," which the students took to very generally. It is the same thing that hundreds and thousands of my readers have played on the ice, although it is often played on an open field.

Well, Jethro being left severely to himself by the gang, began to feel lonesome, for, while they were out in the fields or on the ice, he was at home poring over his books.

Finally he got into the habit of walking out to see the games, and seeing Tommy and his friends engaged in a game of foot-ball, he at once became interested in it, and told Tommy, the captain of one team, that he would dearly like to have a chance at the ball.

"You would, eh?" said Tommy.

"Of course I would."

"No, sir; no man can ever join a foot-ball team until he has joined the ancient order of *Damon and Pythias*. If you wish to join that, we will let you have a few kicks at it, just to see how you like it."

"What's that got to do with foot-ball?" he asked, curiously.

"Why, everything. A fellow never becomes a 'kicker' until he joins that order, eh, lads?" he asked, turning to some of the gang who stood around, resting from their last game.

"You are right they don't."

"I say, Jethro, did you ever kick foot-ball?"

"No; but it's easy enough," replied he, grinning confidently.

"Well, now, how high do you think you can kick it, taking it this way for a regular 'camp,' hey?"

"I don't know, Tommy, but it seems to me I could raise it about half a mile."

A loud laugh greeted this remark.

"Let him try it."

"Yes—yes; let's see how much of a kicker he is before we initiate him into the order of *Damon and Pythias*," suggested Harmer.

"Certainly—by all means."

"All right. Go ahead, Jethro," replied Tommy, handing him the foot-ball.

Jethro took it, while a big grin overspread his features. He handled it admirably for a moment, and then grinned even more confidently, as though thinking how he would astonish them.

Then, he looked upwards, as though calculating about how high he could kick it without knocking down any stars.

"Hold on," said Bill Digby.

"What is it?"

"Wait a moment, Jeth. Will you agree to pay for the ball if you break it, or kick it so far away that we cannot find it again?"

"Ho—ho, haw! Of course I will," said he.

"All right, then, go ahead."

"Stand back, fellows, and give him a fair chance," and with mock anxiety they all got out of the way.

Jethro walked around a few steps to get himself in

a good position, all the while holding the foot-ball between his two hands, ready to kick it.

"Now, then!" suggested Tommy.

Well, it was "now, then."

Jethro Mullen was determined on kicking that ball higher than it had ever been kicked before, and thereby win immortality for himself at a single stroke.

And concentrating all his strength in his right leg, he let it go; but, alas! he failed to hit the ball, and the momentum of his kick was so great that it threw him off of his other foot, and caused him to turn a complete somersault and land in a very demoralized condition upon the seat of his bursted trousers, three or four feet from where he had stood.

A terrific grunt from him only, mingled with a wild roar of laughter from the students.

And they kept on laughing, for a more comical looking specimen of astonished humanity was never seen.

He couldn't see the ball from where he sat, and he glanced around at the laughing crowd with a look of wild inquiry on his face.

"Wh—where did she go?" he finally stammered, and this only renewed the laughter; in fact, they couldn't speak for laughing.

Then he struggled to his feet, and felt of his wounds.

"Where is it?" he asked again, and Tommy pointed to it.

"Didn't she go?"

"No; the ball kicked you."

"Waal, by gosh—all—darn!" he muttered, looking at it.

"You went and the ball didn't."

"Jerusalem! I should say so. How did it happen, any way?"

"You didn't hit the ball."

"Waal, but who hit me?"

"You hit yourself."

"No, I'll be hanged if I did."

"The ground hit you, Jethro. Try it again," said Tommy.

"Of course I will. Why, Tommy, I can kick that consarned thing right out of sight," said he, limping to where it lay.

He was as mad as a wet cat by this time, and with all the vim he had left, he once more attempted to astonish the students, who were having such a hearty laugh at his exploit.

Taking the ball as before, he set his teeth together, and went for it. This time he hit it on the side, sending it a rod or so away, but sending his cowhide shoe after it, high up into the air, it having slipped off with his tremendous effort.

This, of course, produced another laugh, although a few of them applauded.

Jethro looked bewildered and silly.

"Good boy!"

"Great kick!"

"Wonderful athletic feat!"

"Big thing!"

"Yes," added Bill Gunn; "any man that can kick a scow of that size up into the air is not much of a slouch."

"Goldarn the luck anyhow," muttered Jethro, hobbling away to recover his shoe.

"Let him play a game with us," suggested several, and it was quickly agreed to.

"I'll take him," said Tommy.

"All right. Come, Jethro, we are going to give you a chance at a regular game."

"Well, I'll bet if I get one fair kick at the goldarned thing, I'll fix it," muttered he, tying up his big shoe.

"Come along, then," said Tommy, and the two teams again took their places for the purpose of continuing the game, and giving ambitious Jethro a chance to distinguish himself.

Everything was soon in readiness.

"Now, Jethro," said Tommy, aside to him, "what you want is to rush right in when the ball is being kicked over toward our goal, and kick it back again toward theirs. See?"

"Oh, yes, I understand."

"Don't let the other team frighten you, for everything depends upon the rush."

"All right, you'll see me."

The game commenced, and they did see him. They saw him rushing wildly into the contest, but kicking the ball as often the wrong as the right way, but oftener not hitting it at all, and tumbling down himself only to be stepped on and kicked.

Finally they got him into the rush at the finish, and made him so sick of foot-ball in about ten seconds that he never wanted to play the game again.

They hit him with the ball; they kicked his shins; they banged his hat over his eyes, and in other ways made it so warm for him that a linen duster would have been a luxury second only to being well upholstered in his tender parts.

"Good boy!" said Tommy, applauding him. "You did splendidly, Jethro, and we have beaten them."

"Oh, we have, hey?" he asked, sadly.

"To be sure we have. You are a great kicker, eh, fellows?"

"Wonderful," said they all, and at the same time they were laughing hard enough to split themselves.

"Where's your doctor?"

"Our what?"

"Doctor. You don't pretend to say that you play a game of this kind without having a doctor on the grounds, do you?"

"Nonsense. What's the matter with you?" asked Tommy.

"I thought this was a game of foot-ball?"

"So it is. Why?"

"Waal, I guess the most of 'em mistook me for the ball," said he, sorrowfully.

"Fudge! Come on for another game."

"No, thank you, I guess I've got all the foot-ball I want."
 "What! Going to shake us? Why, everybody gets kicked more or less in this game."
 "Waal, maybe you fellows are used to it, or maybe you like it, and think it fun, but I don't; I've got all I want," and he started to limp away.
 "Why, you wanted to get in."
 "Yes, I know I did, but now I want to get out. Somehow or other it don't seem to agree with me," and he limped away toward the college, sick in one sense and cured in another.
 "It's no use," he mused, after reaching his room, "I was never cut out to be like those fellows. I'm as green as grass, and nothing they can ever do for me will make me any riper. Something is sure to happen

One thing, however, bothered him; he had no boat, and as they were all owned by the various students, he saw no opportunity offered for ever distinguishing himself in that way.

Tommy Bounce owned a beautiful single scull, one of the best in New Haven, and, as with other kinds of athletic exercises, he was rather a bad man to beat when seated in his saucy little craft.

But he seldom rowed whenever there was any other sport to be had, and sometimes he would lend it to fellows who wanted to develop their muscles with the "spoons."

As luck would have it, he met Jethro down by the river one day while his enthusiasm was still at the boiling point, although Tommy never suspected that

"Oh, that's a different thing. But would you like to try it?"

"Gracious! wouldn't I, though?"

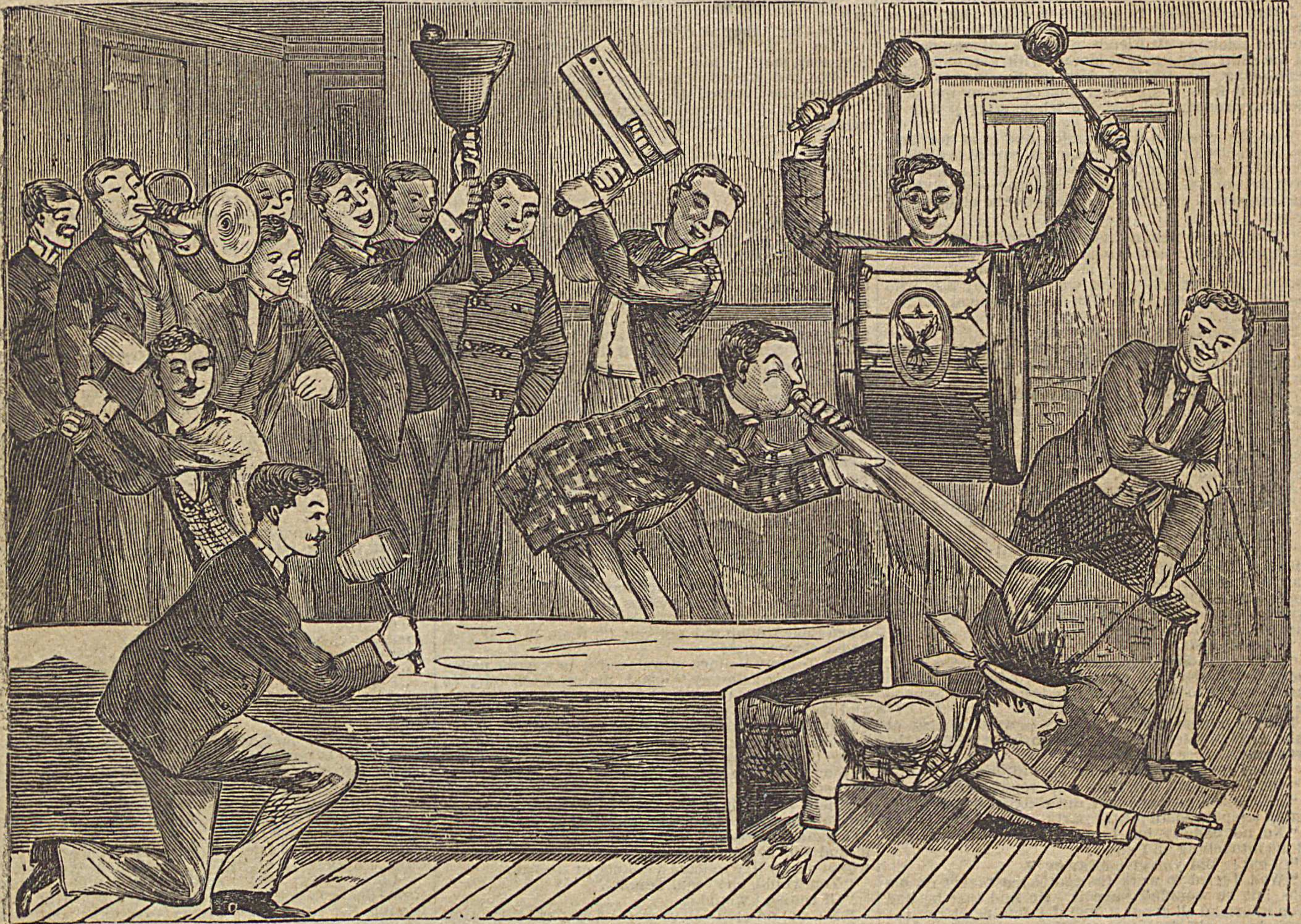
"All right. Take off your coat, and hang it up there in the boat-house."

Jethro flew to obey.

"By gosh, I'll just make that boat fly," he muttered; and before he had returned to the float Tommy Bounce had assured the fellows that they would now see some fun.

Jethro returned in his shirt-sleeves, looking delighted, as he really was, at having a chance to spread himself in one of those sharp little boats, and show the students what he could do with a pair of "spoons."

"You want to be careful now, old man," said Tommy.



He finally emerged with his hair standing on end, and they led him around the hall, nearly crazing him with their unearthly sounds

to me if I attempt to do anything that other fellows do, so I guess the best thing for me to do is to stick right to study, and get through with my college life as speedily as possible."

Even while he mused thus the teams of foot-ball-players were laughing over the experience he had enjoyed, and voting him to be a whole magazine of fun.

It was two or three days before he again ventured out to see any of the athletic games, and not until his bumps and bruises had got well did he believe for a moment that there was pleasure in even witnessing the sports without attempting to share them.

But he had always been a hard-working fellow, and he now felt the need of physical exercise very much. So he patronized the gymnasium, and got what satisfaction he could out of its apparatus.

Here he met one of the teachers one day, who was also taking his "constitutional" in the same way, and naturally enough Jethro sounded him for advice.

"I would suggest that rowing would be a good thing for a person of your physical proportions," said the teacher. "Have you ever tried it?"

"Never was in a boat in my life."

"Well, I would advise you to try it."

This set him to thinking, and so he would go down to the river to see the students take their exercise in shell-boats.

It was a new revelation to him. He had never seen one of those graceful little boats before—so long and sharp and narrow, and it amazed him to see with what velocity they could be pulled through the water; for at that time some of the best scullers in the country were to be found among the students of Yale College.

But after watching them for some time, he finally concluded that with his great strength he could out-row the best of them, for he had a very good opinion of his physical strength.

the clumsy freshman would ever think of rowing in a shell.

"Halloo, Jeth! How do you feel?"

"Oh, all right."

"What are you doing down here?"

"Seeing 'em row."

"Great sport, Jethro. Wait a few minutes and you will see me take a turn or two. If any of the lads come while I am out tell them to wait until I take my 'constitutional.'"

"Certainly," and so he accompanied him to his boat-house, where he stripped, took his boat down to the float, and was soon feathering the graceful oars and darting away.

"Oh, I'd give all my old boots if I was only such a chap as that Tommy Bounce is," he mused, as he watched him recede. "He is at home anywhere. I never saw such a chap. He can do anything."

He watched the young athlete for some time, all the while believing that he could pull the boat at least twice as fast as he did, and wishing that he could get a chance to try.

While Tommy was out five or six of his particular gang came to the boat-house, and there awaited for his return.

"Tommy," said Jethro, as he drew up alongside of the float and skillfully lapped the out-rigger upon it so as to enable him to get out, "I think I can beat you pulling that boat."

"Oh, you do, hey?" said Tommy, at the same time winking to his friends.

"Of course I do."

"Did you ever row a shell?"

"No; but I can."

"Ever rowed at all?"

"I was out last night with another student rowing in a skiff."

"How?"

"Why, about getting into the boat."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Jethro, confidently.

"Can you swim?" asked Mark Harmer.

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only a fellow ought to know how if he is going on the water."

"You fellows think I'm awful green, don't you? Any man that can't row a little boat like that ought to be ashamed."

"Don't be so confident, Jeth, for it is no fool of a job to manage one of them. But step in, and I'll hold the out-rigger."

"All right," and he stepped in carefully.

"Now, then, look sharp. Get balanced. Here are your sculls. Have 'em all ready, and ship the moment I let you go."

"Oh, you are chaffing me, Tommy. Let her go, and I'll show you something."

Tommy *did* let her go, and Jethro *did* show them something. He showed them how quickly a chap can turn over in a shell boat and disappear from view beneath the water, for the moment Tommy let go of the out-rigger, he toppled over and went down to catch a crab or something.

He arose to the surface, puffing and snorting, just in time to hear the second yell of laughter from the spectators on the float, while three or four boatmen near by pulled to the rescue, and righted the shell before it could fill and sink.

"What the deuce are you doing down there?" demanded Tommy, as soon as Jethro got his nose above the water.

"I—I—Lord, how cold the water is!" said Jethro, between his chattering teeth.

"Swim up here to the float, and we will pull you out."

He did so, and in a moment was safely landed; but oh! how wet and cold!

"I told you to be careful," said Tommy.

"W—w—well, w—w—wasn't I?"

"Yes—careful to tip over and go to the bottom. I thought you could row a shell?"

"I—I thought I could, but—"

"But you find you can't."

"I—I didn't have a chance to try, T—T—Tommy," said he, sadly.

"Yes, you did."

"What made it tip over so easy?"

"Why, don't you see how narrow it is? When a fellow gets into one of those he has to part his hair in the center, and have the same number of pennies in each pocket."

"What have I done, sir?"

"You know it all—I only know a part; but beware of your future behavior."

"Yes, sir."

"And attend closer to your studies, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"And beware how you trifle with the rules of the college, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"Especially in relation to being out at night, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"And taking beer into your room, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"And having a company of students there carousing, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't know. Guess not, for, in spite of all the rackets we have stood him up for, he still believes us to be his friends."

"Which, of course, we are."

"Why, cert."

"Well, I guess we'll take the screws off of Jethro for the present. We have squeezed fun enough out of him for awhile."

"That's so; but what shall we do for healthy amusement? Find some other chap?"

"Not just yet. Let us lay low for awhile, and get a reputation for being studious."

"Great idea; but what a change!"

"You are right it is."

"Why, our chums won't believe it."

"And perhaps won't even know us on account of



"Oh, professor, please forgive me this time!" he exclaimed, throwing himself upon his knees before him most abjectly.

"Oh, why didn't you tell me that?"

"Because I thought you knew all about it. Come, get your coat on."

"He ought to be put through a wringing machine first," suggested Bill Gunn, laughing.

The boat was finally secured and housed, after which they took Jethro to the nearest saloon for the purpose of getting some hot stuff into him to prevent him from catching cold.

Meanwhile, the poor devil's teeth were playing a lively old tune; in fact, playing it so fast that he was in danger of making hash of his cold tongue.

But they finally got a few drinks into him, and got him warmed outside before a hot stove after which they finished their chat and laughing.

And what fun they had, and how full of "warmth" they got him before he was pronounced out of danger and allowed to go home!

And this effectually cured him of another ambition, and he made up his mind never to try anything of the kind again.

"Not a durned thing more in mine," said he, decidedly. "I'm a natural fool, and the best thing I can do is to get made into a lawyer as soon as possible, and get back to Vermont."

After this he was known as the "Diving Sculler," and probably the name sticks to him to this day.

CHAPTER XI.

"Do you wish to be expelled from college, Mr. Bounce?"

This was from the president of Yale College.

"No, sir."

"That from our hero."

"Well, sir, if you are caught at any more of your mischief, that will be your fate; so please not forget it."

"And the tricks you play on Mr. Mullen, sir."

"Yes, sir."

Tommy said this very respectfully, but what he thought was another thing.

"Remember, sir."

"Yes, sir," and with this he left the august presence.

As stated some chapters back, the president of the college had placed a detective on Tommy's track, and, although he could only find out a portion of his pranks, yet he was strongly suspected of others, and consequently summoned before the president for warning.

Bill Gunn also received a warning, but they failed to find out who it was that personated Professor Blobbs so successfully.

"Why should he suspect us, I wonder?" asked Tommy, after they had talked the matter over.

"Goodness only knows. The idea of suspecting that we would be guilty of anything naughty! Why, it's perfectly absurd."

"Insulting, in fact."

"Highly so."

"I have half a mind to leave myself."

"So have I."

"They never suspected us of doing anything naughty at Mr. Slam's school."

"No. The old man only fired us out because we had learned all he knew."

"That's all. Never suspected us of doing anything crooked."

"Certainly not!" and, after looking at each other as honest as a pair of sheep, they burst out laughing.

"That's all right," said Tommy; "but who do you suppose has been giving us away?"

"I would like to know the wretch. But it is very evident that somebody has."

"Wonder if it was Jethro?"

the change. That would be too bad. I say, don't let us get so good all of a sudden; take a little every day."

"All right. I'll take a little beer to-day. Come along," and away they went, laughing.

That day both of them learned a perfect lesson, for a wonder, and Professor Blobbs, to whom they recited, complimented them upon the uncommon achievement.

But when night came they felt lonesome.

"Let's buy a dog, Tommy," suggested Bill Gunn, as they sat alone in his room.

"What's the use? If we are going to reform so much, a dog would actually become homesick in our company," said Tommy.

"I wish we did have a dog. He would be lots of company; besides, I can have lots of fun with him."

"Catching rats or fighting?"

"Oh, we would attend strictly to his education, and bring him up a very proper dog. He should have all the canine accomplishments; besides, I would teach him to talk."

"Talk! I guess it would be dog-erel."

"No. I'll be dog-goned if it would."

"Would you teach him religious dog-mas?"

"No. I'd let him forget all he ever knew about his dog-ma, and consider himself as belonging to a superior breed."

"That would be very dog-matic."

"On the contrary, I think it would be very kind of me to make a dog star of him. I might be elected an honorary member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"Well, let's buy a dorg. What breed?"

"Black and tan."

"All right. Own him together?"

"Yes; you own the black, and I will own the tan. How's that?"

"Good; if the dog will agree to it."
 "Oh, he won't mind it."
 "But will he mind us?"
 "Of course he will."
 "But suppose you educate the tan bark part higher than I do the black? or suppose my part is trained to fight, catch rats, and raise the devil generally, will it not be apt to lead your part into temptation?"
 "Well, come to think of it, I guess I had better superintend the education of his nibs. I'll teach him ventriloquism."
 "That's it; I heard of a ventriloquist once who used to have lots of fun with a dog, whose poetic name was Bones."
 "Of course. I'm sure we can have bushels of fun with one. But, of course, we shall have to keep him hidden and only take him out nights for an airing, for if he should be discovered, he might get expelled after the manner of Mary's little lamb."
 "In which case his mutton would be cooked, which wouldn't be the proper caper sauce."
 "Come in."
 This was in response to the regulation knock upoin the door of their room, and open came the door and in came Bill Digby and Mark Harmer.
 "Halloo, toughs! Squatavo, as we say in France. Devilish glad to see you. Bill and I were just saying how lonesome we were since receiving our 'warnings,' and were talking about buying a dog to keep us company," said Tommy.
 "Well, that would be a good change, for we have been using a calf long enough to have our fun with," said Digby, laughing.
 "That's so, but we are going to drop Jethro for the present."
 "I guess it's about time."
 "Give him a chance to let his skin get grown over and patched up," said Harmer.
 "Well, lads, we have squeezed a lot of juicy fun out of him since the day he struck this festive old college," said Bill Gunn.
 "You are saying it now."
 "I wish I had a dog," said Digby. "English students are allowed to have them, and why should not American?"
 "English fellows have a great many privileges which we do not have. But we can play poker in seven languages, which they cannot do, even in their mother tongue."
 "That's so; *Alma Mata* will let us poker."
 "Well, suppose we proceed to enjoy that inestimable privilege. Got a pack of cards, Tommy?" asked Mark Harmer.
 "Why, cert. Do you think I would attempt to go through a college course without learning all of the necessary text books?" asked Tommy, taking a pack of cards from a table-drawer.
 Amid a merry laugh the four of them took seats around a table, and began a game of cards, one cent ante.
 "Here, Digby, come up with your relation," said Tommy.
 "My what?"
 "Your poor relation—your ante."
 "Oh, Well, there's the lady; she's the goddess of liberty," said he, producing a cent. "But you needn't be so cents-ational about it."
 "You are a great deal too smart."
 "No; but I'll deal smart next time."
 "These puns create deal-lay," said Harmer.
 "And they are deal-atorious."
 "At all events, they are not deal-icious," suggested Tommy Bounce.
 "Oh, give us a rest."
 "No, give us luck," said Digby.
 "Yes, 'pot' luck," replied Tommy, taking the money.
 "You are a pot-luckier man than I am, Tommy."
 "Trot out your relation."
 "Yes, and the next fellow that makes a pun loses his deal."
 "Yes, yes—a pun upon any subject."
 "Give me two cards."
 "Give me one," and Digby dealt them to the "beggars."
 Well, they kept up this play and their chaffing and punning until ten o'clock, when all lights were required to be out, after which they pinned a blanket over the window and stuffed the key-hole full of paper, so that no prying janitor or professor could catch a ray of the forbidden light, and they continued playing until nearly midnight, occasionally moistening the amusement with beer, of which Tommy always had a bottled supply hidden away in an old trunk.
 And this night passed as dozens of others had passed, the fellows having their fun on "the strict Q. T.," and never getting found out.
 In a day or two afterwards Tommy Bounce bought a fine black and tan, and managed to smuggle him into his room without being seen by the watchful janitor who had charge of that building.
 It was a beauty; smart as a steel trap, and the boys were greatly pleased with him, and the dog was also to be congratulated on various points of personal advantage which he had gained by being bought, for he got into decidedly cosy quarters, where he was petted and given all he could eat, which was more good luck than had ever fallen to his lot since his bark was launched on the tide of life.
 "What shall we call him, Bill?" asked Tommy, after they had succeeded in convincing the dog that they were his friends.
 "Why, call him by his name, of course; the name his former owner christened him."
 "Not much. He is too pretty. I wouldn't call a homely cur 'Sprat.' It is a terrible handicap for an ambitious canine who wants to move in good society."
 "Well, let's call him 'Nonesuch,' and then if any of

the faculty ask us if we have a dog, we can place our hands on our manly bosoms and swear that we have 'none such' in our room."
 "Rather more ingenious than poetic, Billy. Suppose we call him Sly?"
 "All right, and then we will keep Sly."
 And so it was agreed.
 Bill Gunn at once set himself at work training the dog, and in a few days had him so that he would do several very pretty tricks, for this was just the business that he was partial to.
 He practiced his ventriloquism with him until he finally got him into such good form that he could make him appear really miraculous, and amused his friends on many occasions.
 But Jethro Mullen was no longer one of them—no longer one of the gang—having been left severely alone by them, much to his delight, he having long ago arrived at the conclusion that nature never intended him for a "tough."
 There was one person, however, whom Bill was desirous of astonishing, and that was an old Irish woman who did the washing for the students on that floor. She was a very talkative old duck, having evidently kissed the blarney-stone in her youth, and not only that, but she had a light-fingered way of appropriating for herself whatever she found in the students' rooms that was either good to eat or drink.
 Mrs. O'Whack had a very playful way of filling herself full of Tommy's beer, whenever she chanced to find it lying around loose, and as her carrying capacity was much too large for ordinary quantities, Bill Gunn concluded that he had thought of a way to put a stop to it.
 So the next Saturday night he had three or four of the boys in his room when Mrs. O'Whack brought in the week's washing. Sly was also there, full of life and fun. The old gal was not long in discovering him.
 "Ah, ye have a dorg, Mr. Gunn?"
 "Yes," replied Bill.
 "Be me sowl but he's a purty one. How long have ye had him?" she asked, patting Sly on the head.
 "Oh, about a week. We got him for a watch-dog."
 "A watch-dog in a college! Fut will he watch?"
 "Thieves. And he is not only a watch-dog, but a talking-dog as well."
 "A what?" she almost screamed.
 "A talking-dog; one of the St. Olympus breed."
 "Och, what are yees givin' me? A torkin'-dorg! Who iver heard of the loikes?" and she laughed loud and long.
 "You don't believe it, eh?"
 "Divil a bit of it. Yer givin' me tarfy."
 "Let her hear him talk," said Tommy.
 "All right. Here, Sly, sit up and let the woman hear you talk."
 The dog at once arose upon his haunches, while Mrs. O'Whack started back even at this little example of sagacity.
 "Halloo, old gal!" Bill made him say, or seem to say, at which the old woman gave a start and turned pale.
 "Howly Mother, protect us! It spakes; it's the very divil, sure enough," said she.
 "Well, Sly, how do you like Mrs. O'Whack?"
 "N. G., no good," said the dog, shaking his head, just as he had been taught to do.
 "Have you ever seen her before?"
 "Yes; she steals beer," said the dog.
 "Howly Moses!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Whack.
 "What! Does she steal our beer?" asked Bill, pretending to be surprised.
 "Yes."
 This created a laugh among the boys, but the old woman didn't appear to feel a bit like joining in it.
 "It's a darned loile!" said she.
 "Nixy, I saw you."
 "Howly murder!"
 "He never tells a lie, Mrs. O'Whack," said Tommy Bounce, soberly.
 "Be me sowl, but that's the wust I iver heard."
 "Yes, it is very bad. We have missed beer several times lately, and so we got this dog to watch and tell us who it was."
 "Worra—worra, was there iver anything loike it in ther worruld? He spakes!"
 "Yes; so you had better look out in the future what you do in our room."
 "Begorra, but he's wrong. I niver stole yer beer in me loile."
 "Ah, the dog will not lie."
 "Shure, but he's mistaken. How should he know that I tuck yer beer?"
 "I saw you down it," said Sly.
 "Well, that bates the divil!" she muttered, and hastily gathering up her basket and things, she lit out of that room without stopping to ask any more questions.
 But it had its desired effect upon her, for never again did they ever miss the slightest thing from their rooms, and being guilty, she kept her information to herself regarding the mysterious animal—the dog that could talk as well as a man.
 And they had bushels of fun with Sly, who soon became well known to the students, although all knowledge of him was kept away from unfriendly ears.
 One evening Tommy and Bill Gunn took the dog out for an airing, and as they were out for that luxury themselves, they walked quite a distance away from the college, where they felt sure that nothing was known about the animal, and then went into a little German shop where lager was the principal hardware sold, and took seats at the table.
 The proprietor was a big, lazy Dutchman, who generally drank more beer than he sold, and who almost dreaded to see customers enter his place, because he would have to get up and wait upon them.

"Swei beer," said Tommy, striking the top of the table with his cane.
 Reluctantly the proprietor brought it, but on reaching the table where they sat, he was surprised to find the dog sitting up in another chair between Tommy and Billy, looking earnestly at him.
 "Mine jimminy, bu dot ish a great dog ter do dot!" said he, admiringly.
 "Where's my beer?" asked Sly.
 "Hey!" exclaimed the Dutchman, starting back and dropping the glasses upon the floor, breaking them very badly.
 "What's the matter with you, old man?" asked Tommy, indignantly.
 "Vot's der matter mit dot tog, I guess?" said he, regarding him closely, and to all appearances forgetting his beer and glasses.
 "He wants some beer."
 "Mine Gott, dish ish not a tog saloon. He talk shust like a man."
 "Talk! What's the matter with you? Off your nut?"
 "I hear dot tog speak."
 "Oh, you've got the 'jims.' Bring us some more beer and one for the dog."
 "Oh, mine cracious!"
 "Guess you have been drinking very bad lately, eh?"
 "I trinks me nodings—dwendy-five, dirdy glass beer all day. Vat ish dot?"
 "Well, hurry up," said Bill, impatiently.
 "Oh, mine cracky; I hafe got 'em!" he groaned, as he went for more beer.
 On returning with it, Sly shook one of his fore-paws to him, which again interested, if it did not alarm him. Bill assisted the dog so that he could reach the glass of beer with his tongue, while the Dutchman stood by and watched the sagacious maneuver.
 "Here's looking at you!" said Sly.
 "Mine Gott! Did you hear dot?"
 "What?" they both asked.
 "He say here vas lookin' ad me! Oh, dot vas der greatest dog I efer see."
 "Nonsense! The idea of a dog talking; I tell you you must be off, bad."
 "He's got 'em," put in Sly, whereat the puzzled Dutchman started again and looked as though a ghost had spoken to him.
 "Oh, mine Gott in Himmel, dot vas too much!" he groaned.
 "Better swear off, old man!" said the dog.
 This was entirely too much, and after glancing from first one of the fellows to the other, and noting their looks of honest surprise, he bolted out of the room, frightened half out of his five senses.
 But it cured him of drinking so much, and to this day he firmly believes that he heard a dog talk, and warn him to swear off. It was the strongest temperance lecture that was ever given, and on the way back to their room they enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of the frightened Dutchman.

CHAPTER XII.

TOMMY'S dog, Sly, afforded him and Bill Gunn heaps of amusement. All the boys swore by Sly, for when there wasn't anything else to take up their attention and work out fun for them, Bill Gunn and his dog always came to the front.
 After the racket with the Dutchman, he who kept the lager beer saloon, Bill felt that he was able to tackle almost anything. He had triumphed in several instances of amateur ventriloquism before, but this convinced him, as well as Tommy Bounce, that he could do almost anything in that line and get away with it—with a whole skin.
 The story of this racket soon spread among the students, and many a laugh was had over the affair. And still Tommy and Bill were enabled to keep their dog without having any bothersome questions asked by the janitors or any member of the faculty. In short they knew how to keep Sly.
 But one day one of the janitors, Mr. Bugle, happened to hear Sly yelping for his rations, and although he could not get at him, yet he felt certain that there was a dog in the building, contrary to the rules of the college.
 And, of course, as a good officer of the college, he was bound to ferret the matter out and report to his superiors.
 So he called one evening, just after Tommy and his chum had returned from supper, for the purpose of "interviewing" them.
 Now it must be understood that this janitor was human, that is to say, he was one of those men who would wink at almost anything, providing there was something of a consideration.
 Both Tommy and Bill knew the weakness of this particular janitor, and when he came knocking at their door that night they felt that there was a possibility of making "solid."
 "Ah, Bounce, and Gunn?" said he, as the door was opened for him.
 "Certainly, Mr. Bugle. Can we be of any service to you?" asked Tommy.
 "Well, now, young gentlemen," said he, sauntering into the room, "you knows me pretty well?"
 "Certainly."
 "And you know I am not unreasonable?"
 "Certainly not."
 "Excuse me?"
 "Certainly," this by both of the boys.
 "You have a dog here."
 "A dog?"
 "A dog."
 "A canine?"
 "A barker."

"Well?"

"That's all right. I don't pretend to swear to it, but you know it is against the rules, young gentlemen."

"Certainly. But you have evidently got an attack of the hydrophobia."

"Well, I—"

"This is a certain cure for it," said Tommy, placing a five-dollar note in his hand.

"Well, yes, I have heard that it was."

"It is called Greenbackus Hydrophobus."

"Yes, I have heard of that cure," said the janitor, fondling the note.

"But we do not do this simply in the cause of science," said Bill Gunn.

"How?"

"Simply to encourage you."

"Well, I—what do you mean?" asked the janitor, looking from one to the other.

"Because we have no dog here."

"What! I heard him yelp."

"Beg pardon. It was a cat."

"A cat!"

"Certainly."

"Of course. If you had any *feline* in you you would know it," said Tommy.

"Categorically speaking, he is right," said Bill Gunn, soberly.

"I do not understand you; I certainly heard a dog in your room to-day."

"Perhaps you thought so, but it is a mistake. My chum, Mr. Bounce, calls it a cat, but it is hardly that. In fact, the species of the animal which we have here has never been determined. Sometimes it appears to be a dog (which it physically resembles more than any other animal), and the next day it will seem like a cat. By the by, Tommy, what is it to-day?" he asked, turning seriously to his chum.

"Well, let me see; I have not seen it since last night; then it was a mule," replied Tommy, equally sober.

"I saw it this noon, and then it was talking," said Bill.

"Talking!" exclaimed the janitor.

"Well, we may as well tell you all about this anomaly—that is, provided you will never give it away."

"Well, I—"

"You see we want to study this thing and determine what it is before we present it to the Faculty. It is the strangest animal that has ever been discovered. It was brought from ancient Mount Olympus, and not another specimen is known to exist."

"I don't understand you?"

"Had we best admit him to our secret?" asked Tommy, in a whisper to Bill.

"Well, I don't know."

"Will you swear to keep it secret?"

"Certainly," said the janitor, who was yet fingering his greenback.

"Well, Bill, suppose you bring it out and let us see what it is to-night."

"All right. But of course we depend upon his secrecy, for our whole future life depends upon this strange creature."

"Oh, I will never mention it," said the janitor.

"I'll trust him," said Tommy.

"Very well," and he went to the closet where Sly was kept, and brought him forth.

"Why, it's a dog to-day, Billy."

"So it seems. What a change!"

The janitor looked at him in amazement.

"Halloo, fellers, how are yer?" Sly seemed to ask, getting up on his haunches, and looking from one to another.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the janitor.

"You see how it is," said Tommy.

"But it talks."

"That's one of its peculiarities."

"Goodness gracious!"

"Well, sir, what is your name?" asked Bill Gunn.

"Sly," said the dog.

"Great Heavens!"

"How long since have you been a dog?"

"Four hours."

"Oh, Lord!" by the astonished janitor.

"Why did you turn a dog?"

"To watch the janitor."

"What is that?"

"He's a beat."

"Possible?"

"He beats the students every chance he gets."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Bugle, and he glanced toward the door, as if to make sure that there yet remained a place of exit.

"Is that so, Mr. Bugle?" asked Tommy.

"No, of course not; I—"

"He's the worst liar in New Haven," said the dog, or he seemed to say so.

"Young gentlemen, this is too much for me; I will go," said Bugle, utterly demoralized.

"But you will keep our secret?"

"Oh, certainly—always," said he, diving out of the door like a wild man.

They closed the door, and then they laughed. They patted Sly on the head, and then they laughed some more, voting the whole thing devilish good.

That janitor hadn't a word to say. The first thing he did was to get to his own room, and then he sat down for a think.

Having drunk several glasses of beer during the day, he was not prepared to say whether he was in his right senses or not. In fact, he thought he was not, for if his senses were true to him, he had heard a dog talk; had heard a dog denounce him with a human voice as being a beat.

This he knew to be true, but how a dog should know it, he could not understand. And they had told him

that this mysterious animal had the power of transforming itself into anything at will.

Either he was "away off" himself, or there was a new order of beings of whom he had never known anything before.

He awoke the next morning with the memory fresh in his mind, but knowing that he had drank several bottles of beer belonging to the students, it was a question in his mind whether he had seen and heard what his memory called for, or whether he had dreamed it after stealing the beer.

At all events it cured him of prowling around in the students' rooms, and from that time forth he gave Tommy's room a very wide berth, and tried as hard as he could to be honest.

Such little rackets Bill Gunn and Tommy Bounce were continually getting up on somebody or other, until it became to be known all through the college that there was more fun to be had in Tommy's room than in any other.

But the secret of the day, as well as that of Bill's ventriloquism, was faithfully kept by the gang, and many an evening did Sly and he entertain an illegal roomful of jovial spirits; and so time sped on thus merrily, although both Tommy and Bill, remembering the warning they had received, were exceedingly careful not to do anything in which they would be in danger of getting found out.

In fact, they made considerable progress in their studies, allowing Jethro Mullen and the others to do the same thing if they desired. But there was continually some prank or other being cut up for which nobody could account, and although they were naturally enough suspected, they were not yet convicted.

Not many weeks elapsed, however, before Professor Blobbs got into a wrangle with his class, the class which included our friends, and it was not long before a very bitter feeling sprang up, in which the college faculty took sides with the professor, which of course only made matters worse.

The trouble finally broke out in an open and determined rupture, and the president of the college went to the class-room for the purpose of threatening the whole class with expulsion, a thing that frightened Jethro more than it did the others.

"Give it to them, old man!" spoke a voice, which not only sounded like that of Mr. Blobbs, but the tone of it was so nicely varied that the president turned around to where he was standing and regarded him with a frown.

Of course the reader knows who the artful ventriloquist was.

"I did not think to hear such language from you, sir," said the president, gravely.

"I did not speak, sir," replied Blobbs, looking as innocent as a lager-beer keg.

"I heard you, sir, speak very disrespectfully."

"I beg pardon, sir," said he, deprecatingly.

"I appeal to your class."

"I heard him."

"And I."

"And I."

"We all heard him," said they.

"Professor Blobbs, you see I was not mistaken. Such language, sir, can never command respect, especially in the hearing of your class."

"But I assure you, sir, upon my honor, I—"

"Not another word, sir, or I shall report your language to the faculty. Resume your duties," he added, going from the room, leaving poor Blobbs decidedly crestfallen.

"There is something very strange about all this, and, be assured, I shall find it out," he said, sullenly, taking up his book to resume the lesson of the day.

Even after that the old duffer refused to get upon friendly terms with his class, and finally a job was agreed upon that would humiliate him so he would be glad to.

Only certain ones were to be knowing to this racket (the extent of which they did not at first comprehend), for Jethro Mullen, if no other, was weak enough to give it all away.

The idea was this: Bill Gunn was to make up once more like Professor Blobbs and to appear drunk, while Tommy Bounce was to make himself up like a negro wench, after which they were to promenade around the grounds arm-in-arm for public inspection.

It was a bold and daring undertaking, but those two young gentlemen had audacity enough to undertake anything, as the reader well knows by this time.

It took nearly a week for Tommy to get the proper toggery for his character, but all was in readiness by the next Saturday afternoon, or evening, the time chosen for the circus.

After several rehearsals they finally made their appearance on the campus about five o'clock, followed by several laughing students.

The scene was a comical one indeed. Tommy was gotten up regardless, and almost anybody not in the secret would have sworn that he was a fascinating colored belle, dressed out in all the toggery which vanity could suggest.

As for Bill Gunn, he looked exactly like Professor Blobbs, only he made him appear drunk and somewhat reckless, as he must have been to have taken the arm of a colored girl and swagger right into the college grounds.

The students gathered and cheered them, and for fear they might get where it was too warm for them, they walked toward Chapel street.

But this only made matters worse.

As they walked along, street boys and curious spectators gathered around, dogs barked at them, and the scene became exciting.

Everybody recognized what they supposed to be Professor Blobbs, and seeing him evidently under the influence of liquor and in such company, some roared

with laughter and others held up their hands in pious horror.

"Did you ever?"

"No, never!" were general exclamations.

"Isn't it dreadful?"

"Just awful."

"He ought to be ashamed," and then several of them hissed.

But the students cheered them on, and the verdict was that it was bully old fun.

After going a while they started to return to the grounds for the purpose of keeping the fun among the students, but just as they did so, who should they meet face to face but the president and one of the other professors.

With exclamations of astonishment they stopped and gazed at the humiliating spectacle, while Tommy and Bill pressed on with a faster walk for the sake of getting away from them, having fully accomplished their object, that of humiliating Blobbs.

For a moment the president stood speechless and unable to move, while the other looked after the receding crowd with a terrible expression of horror and disgust.

"Dreadful!" he breathed, at last.

"Horrible! but I have long suspected that he drank," said the president. "But he shall disgrace this college no longer; I will find an officer and have the wretch arrested."

"He richly deserves it; who under Heaven ever beheld such a disgraceful spectacle?"

"No one. Come, let's find an officer," and off they started in search of one.

It was now getting dark, and by separating when they got near the college, Tommy and Bill Gunn managed to leave the crowd behind and to reach their room without much trouble, although the petticoats worn by Tommy bothered him somewhat.

The students also disappeared, laughing and commenting upon the affair and the actors who had conducted the thing so artistically, and whom they had sworn not to betray.

The lively manner in which both Tommy and Bill got out of their toggery and washed their faces was a caution, for in five minutes after they had locked themselves in, they had hidden their disguises and appeared as honest as two sucking pigs.

But what would the result be?

It was some time before the indignant president could find an officer, and by the time he got back with him to the college, it was quite dark and everything quiet.

But everything was far from being quiet in the president's mind, and he conducted the officer directly to Blobbs' study.

He happened at that moment to be in the act of washing his face and bathing his head in cold water to cure a rush of blood. The president walked into the room without any ceremony, which made Blobbs look astonished and queer.

A few of the students were near enough at hand to see what was going on.

"There is the shameless wretch. Arrest him!" demanded the president, pointing to Blobbs.

"Eh—what?" said the astonished Blobbs, looking wild enough to pass for a drunken man.

"Arrest him, I say!"

"All right, sir," said the officer, approaching the now thoroughly astonished Blobbs.

"You will have to go with me, boss," said the officer, firmly.

"Me—eh? What for?"

"This gentleman will inform you."

"Don't attempt to appear ignorant. We saw you, sir; both saw you," said the president.

"Oh, Professor Blobbs, how could you?" said the president's companion.

"What the—"

"Don't swear in my presence, sir."

"But what is the meaning of this, sir?" demanded Blobbs, now thoroughly aroused.

"We saw you, sir."

"Alas, yes!"

"Saw me—saw me! How, when, or where, gentlemen?"

"We saw you but a few moments ago, drunk, sir—drunk!"

"Drunk!" exclaimed Blobbs.

"Drunk!"

"Alas, yes, Professor Blobbs; how ever could you do it!" mourned the other professor.

"Drunk?"

"Yes, sir; and that is not the most disgraceful part of the affair, sir."

"Great Heavens!"

"You actually had a negro wench on your arm, and a crowd of citizens and students following you around. Away with him!"

"Sir, you astound me!"

"As you confound me, sir."

"Where did you say this was?"

"Don't attempt to crawl out of it, sir; you know you are guilty, and when we came suddenly upon you we found you bathing your head and trying to sober up."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"Yes, in you. We are all mistaken."

"Alas! yes, Mr. Blobbs—I can no longer call you professor," said the other, mournfully.

"I have not been out of my room this afternoon, and I never drink."

"Heavens! What assurance!"

"Alas dreadful!"

"We saw you promenading with a female colored person on your arm."

"Never, sir, never! There is some horrible mistake here. I can prove by a dozen that I have not been

out of my room this afternoon," protested Blobbs earnestly.

"Do you presume to say that I don't know you?"

"Oh! Mr. Blobbs! I cannot say, professor."

"Of course you know me, but you are greatly mistaken if you think you saw me outside of my study this afternoon, to say nothing of being drunk."

"Smell of his breath," suggested the officer.

"Bah!" this from both president and professor.

"This sounds very much like the story told by Jethro Mullen; that he saw me in No. 12, and that I there administered to him a rebuke and a pledge," said Blobbs. The president started.

"Do you remember, sir?"

"Well—" and the old man became thoughtful.

"It will seem like a piece of the same business, will it not, if I prove what I say?"

"Well, yes, but—"

"Give me an opportunity to prove it, sir."

"Officer, you may not arrest him just now. I will look further into the matter. It is barely possible that I have been mistaken; but if so, this college shall be purged from head to foot. Do you suspect anybody, Mr. Blobbs?"

"Yes; Bounce and Gunn."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE officer who had been brought by the president of the college to arrest Professor Blobbs for being drunk and promenading with a wench (a racket of Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn) was sent away, and measures were at once taken to ascertain where the deception lay.

Blobbs had announced that he suspected Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn of complicity in the business, but when questioned closely, he had nothing to prove his suspicions, only that they were the acknowledged leaders of all sorts of devilry and mischief, and who so likely to have a hand in as they?

"But, sir, how are we to account for your perfect counterfeits?" demanded the president.

"Alas! yes," moaned the professor, who had also witnessed the humiliating spectacle.

"True, but how are we to account for the counterfeits which was mixed up with Mullen, and which created so much trouble?" asked Blobbs.

"I only hope it may be accounted for, Professor Blobbs, for the thought that a professor of Yale College should be known in such a humiliating affair is almost too much for belief, to say nothing of the disgrace to all parties."

"Oh, it is dreadful!" moaned the other professor.

"The scandal must be proved or disproved. First tell me who will say that you have not been out of your room this afternoon."

Blobbs gave him a list of names.

"I suspect there is ingenious devilry at work here, but it shall be reached and punished, sir."

"I say amen to that," said Blobbs; "but be kind enough to hold me innocent without further degradation, until proven guilty, will you not?"

"I will, for it is but just. I must find a student whom I can trust, and make a detective of him. Good-night," saying which, they left the bewildered Blobbs alone.

Was there ever such a situation? Trying to make sure of who the culprits were drove all sleep from his mug that night, but beyond his suspicions he was just as wise in the morning as he was before. All day Sunday he puzzled over it, and the students laughed over it.

The next day it seemed as though every student in the college, old and young, had his face set on a broad grin over the affair, and one or two of the older classes actually gave Blobbs a cheer when he showed up at chapel the next morning.

And when his class came before him to recite, later in the day, he found them in such a titter that they could give but a poor account of their lessons.

Poor Blobbs!

"Gentlemen, I suppose I know what you are pleased over, for you probably witnessed that disgraceful affair on Saturday, but, depend upon it, the culprits will be found out and severely punished," said he, savagely.

"Found out!"

"Punished!" said several, looking astonished.

"Yes, punished. Why do you ask such a question, Mr. Bounce?" he asked, fixing his eyes upon Tommy, who, taken so suddenly, forgot his usual coolness for an instant, and blushed.

"Why, wasn't it you, sir?"

"No, sir; but I strongly suspect that it was you, or that you had a hand in it," said Blobbs, severely.

"I am very sorry that you have such a poor opinion of me, sir. But will you have the goodness to explain?" said Tommy, composedly, although manifesting considerable curiosity.

"Explain yourself, sir! If I mistake not, you, at least, need no explanation. But, lest any one should believe that I had anything to do with the disgraceful affair, I will state that somebody, made up so as to personate me, had the audacity to parade around the college grounds and the streets on Saturday, in company with a negro wench, drunk."

"Is it possible!" said Tommy, with open eyes.

"Who could it have been?" asked Bill Gunn, in well-feigned astonishment.

"That is what I propose to find out, gentlemen," he replied, with blood in his eye.

The whole class manifested much astonishment, although they all knew just who it was who had played the racket, but none of them looked more astonished than Bill Gunn and Tommy Bounce.

After this explanation the class proceeded with the lessons of the day, although the smiles of two or three

of them almost gave the secret away, and convinced Blobbs, who watched them all closely, that they knew more about the affair than they cared to tell.

Once out of the class-room, of course they could give expression to their pent-up feelings, and a hearty laugh was the result.

"But you haven't heard the best of it yet, fellows," said Bill Digby.

"What is it?" asked a dozen.

"Why, 'Presy' actually went for a policeman and took him to arrest Blobbs," said he, at which there was a renewal of the laughter.

"Good boy!"

"Bully for Blobbs!"

"How did it work?"

"Worked on his feelings, I guess," Tommy said.

"But he didn't arrest the old rooster, after all. How is that?"

"Why, he 'kicked' like a mule, and swore that he hadn't been out of his study all the afternoon, and could prove it. So 'Presy' let him off, and is going to try and find out who worked the racket on him."

"Bill, you and Tommy will have to lay low," said one of them.

"No, we won't, if none of you fellows give us away," said Tommy.

"Of course we will never give it away, but you know nearly every student in college knows about it, and some of the fellows on whom we have played tricks may blow."

"Oh, I guess not," said Tommy; but even while he spoke one of the janitors came up and told him that the president wanted him and Bill Gunn.

At this they all started and exchanged glances.

"What is that you say—wants us both?"

"Yes; right away—at his library," said the man, walking off.

"How is that, I wonder?" asked several, as they crowded around Tommy and Bill.

"Do you suppose it has been given away already?" asked Bill, manifesting some considerable anxiety.

"Perhaps it has."

"What will you do?" asked Jethro Mullen, who was one of the group.

"What shall I do? That don't trouble me so much as it does to know what he will do," replied Tommy, trying to laugh.

"Oh, brace up, boys," said Mark Harmer.

"Brace! You bet we will. Come, Bill, we have got to put in a little fine work, for you know we have both been 'warned' before, and if he wants us on account of this racket, we have got to do some classic lying."

"That's so," said Bill, sadly.

"Come along. We can chin him right out of it, I'll bet," said Tommy, who had somewhat recovered his spirits.

Away they went, concocting a plausible story to tell, and were presently shown into the president's study.

By this time they were both feeling somewhat more comfortable, hoping that the cause of their being sent for was some other than what they feared it was.

But on entering the room they were struck dumb at beholding the disguises they had both worn in carrying out the racket that had occasioned so much excitement.

Yes; there both lots of the toggery hung, and the president sat near by it, frowning upon the bewildered culprits. He had employed one of the senior students to find out about the matter; after which the toggery was found in their room and taken away.

This knocked the little story they had concocted higher than a kite, and it also knocked them speechless; or, even if they had had the power of speech, they hadn't anything to say in the face of those criminating articles.

"I perceive that you recognize your property, young gentlemen," said the president, after watching them for a moment.

They exchanged confused glances, but made no reply.

"I have sent for you, gentlemen, to restore you your property, and at the same time to expel you from this college."

They both started at the words.

"With this understanding, I presume there is nothing further to be said, for, certainly, nothing that either of you can say will help your case in the least, one way or the other. You must leave the college—expelled—with all the odium which that punishment entails. Take your disguises and go at once, and I will inform your unhappy parents by letter what my reasons were for this procedure. Go!"

There was no mistaking the words or their meaning, and so, without opening their mouths, they bundled the toggery under their arms, and left the room. In fact, there was nothing for them to say, for if they had had fifty mouths, those evidences would have stopped them all, and they knew it.

So they marched silently out, not even venturing to speak to each other until they were out upon the grounds.

"Well, Bill?"

"Well, Tommy?"

"We have graduated."

"Yes, I should say so."

"And here are our diplomas," said Tommy.

"Been bounced."

"Actually fired out."

"By the great horn spoon!" exclaimed Bill.

"Oh, don't get 'spoony' over it."

"But I don't like being 'forked' out in this manner," said he, sadly.

"This is the second bouncing we have had."

"Yes, but I can't exactly get used to it."

"I wonder if old Slam wouldn't like to hear of this?"

"I presume so, for he predicted such a fate for us when he fired us out of his school. But who in thunder do you suppose gave it away?"

"I'd just like to know," replied Tommy, shaking his clenched fist.

"What will our folks say?"

"Say we have got education enough, I guess, and put us to work."

"What will the gang say?"

"Say good-bye, I guess."

"Well, Tommy, you have got more nerve than I have to take it so quietly."

"Well, what is the use? We are out and injured on second base, and whining won't help us any. But I'd like to know how they found our togs?" he added, reflectively.

"The janitor must know."

"Why so?"

"Because he is the only one besides ourselves who has a key to the room. There he comes now. Ask him."

Tommy hailed him, and he approached with a broad grin.

"Who took these things from our room?"

"The old man."

"Did you let him in?"

"Yes."

"But who told him about them?"

"Hang me if I know; I did not, I know that. All I know about it is that he came to me and asked me to let him into your room, and I did so. He rummaged around for some time, and then went away with these things."

"Somebody must have told him."

"I dare say, but it was not me. What did he say to you?"

"Git."

"What?"

"He said get out."

"The deuce you say. Expelled?"

"Bounced," replied Tommy, walking away with his crestfallen chum.

The friends of both flocked to their room as soon as it was known that they had returned from the president's house, and began anxiously to make inquiries.

"Oh, he spit us out," said Tommy, cheerfully.

"What is that?" they all asked.

"He thought we were too tough, and so he spit us out."

"Gracious!"

"No, he wasn't a bit gracious."

"What is the matter, Tommy?" asked Jethro, coming anxiously into the room.

"Nothing, Jethro, only we were so far ahead of you other fellows that he concluded to graduate us ahead of you, that's all."

"Expelled?"

"Fired out, Jeth."

"By gosh, that's too bad!" he exclaimed; for, in spite of all the tricks Tommy had played upon him, he liked him better than any other fellow in the college, as well he might, for Tommy paid all his bills.

"Yes, it is too bad!" they all said.

"What the dickens shall we do for fun now?" asked Bill Digby.

"Oh, you'll have to stick to your books, and try to be respectable now," said Tommy.

"Well, it was a risky racket, anyway, and you might have known you would have got found out in it," said Harmer.

"That's so, and we were found out and fired out," said Bill Gunn, sadly.

"When are you going to leave?"

"Just as quick as we can get packed."

"Where will you go next?"

"To the devil, perhaps. Hang me if I know yet what I shall do. A great deal will depend upon how a certain man by the name of Bounce, residing in New York, takes it."

"Go to Harvard," said one.

"No; Princeton is the best," said another.

"I wish I was going with you," said Smalley.

"I wish you were all going with us. But it's no use talking, for you see we don't know where we are going ourselves. Want to buy my boat, Frank Rack-aboy?"

"How much?"

"I'll let you have it for half what it cost me—fifty dollars. What do you say?"

"I'll take it."

"Good boy; that's off my mind. Now, then, Bill, let's pack up. I say, fellows, if you see any books here that you want, take them, for I have a strong suspicion that I shall not need them again."

"Oh, your dad may get you reinstated."

"What, here?"

"Yes."

"Not much; he isn't that sort of a clove. And I wouldn't care to come back, anyway, for we should be continually suspected, and old Blobbs would make it so warm for us that we shouldn't need any fire all winter. Here, Sly, come here, poor dog," he added, calling their dog from the closet where they kept him.

"I only wish he had been in the room when the old man came in; he would have made it lively for him," said Bill.

"How are you going to divide the dog?" asked Tommy, which created a laugh, they all knowing that they owned him in company.

"Oh, you take the 'tan' and I will take the 'black,' I guess," said Bill.

"No, we'll play a game of euchre for him," said Tommy, producing a pack of cards.

"All right."

"And here is a dozen bottles of beer, my hearties; jump in and guzzle them," said Tommy, pointing to a closet.

It didn't require a second invitation for the party to

go for that beer, and by the time their game of euchre was finished, the bottles were all emptied into healths and well wishes for the future prosperity and happiness of the two fellows who had furnished them with so much fun.

"Bill Gunn takes the dog."

"So he does."

Bill laughed, and patted Sly on the head as he sat up on the table, as though watching the game and knowing that it was to decide his destiny.

Slowly and sadly their companions left them alone to pack up their traps and get ready for their departure, and they afterwards held a meeting in Bill Digby's room to take measures for giving them a grand send-off when they left New Haven.

Tommy and Bill tried hard to be jovial as they pro-

"Good-bye, Tommy; good-bye, Bill," he added, turning to him with extended hand.

"Good-bye, Jethro. Don't believe all you hear, and only about half that you read. Good-bye," said Bill.

"I say, Rackaboy, be good to Jethro, won't you, and give the poor fellow a dollar once in awhile for pocket-money?" asked Tommy, earnestly.

"You are right, I will; I can never forget a fellow who has furnished us with so much fun," replied Rackaboy, laughing.

"Of course. You know he is poor and you are rich. Well, here comes the train. Once more good-bye, boys. Be good to yourselves," said Tommy, as the train swept into the depot.

Then the students struck up: "For he's a jolly good fellow," and sang it with so much vim that the old de-

Well, rather.

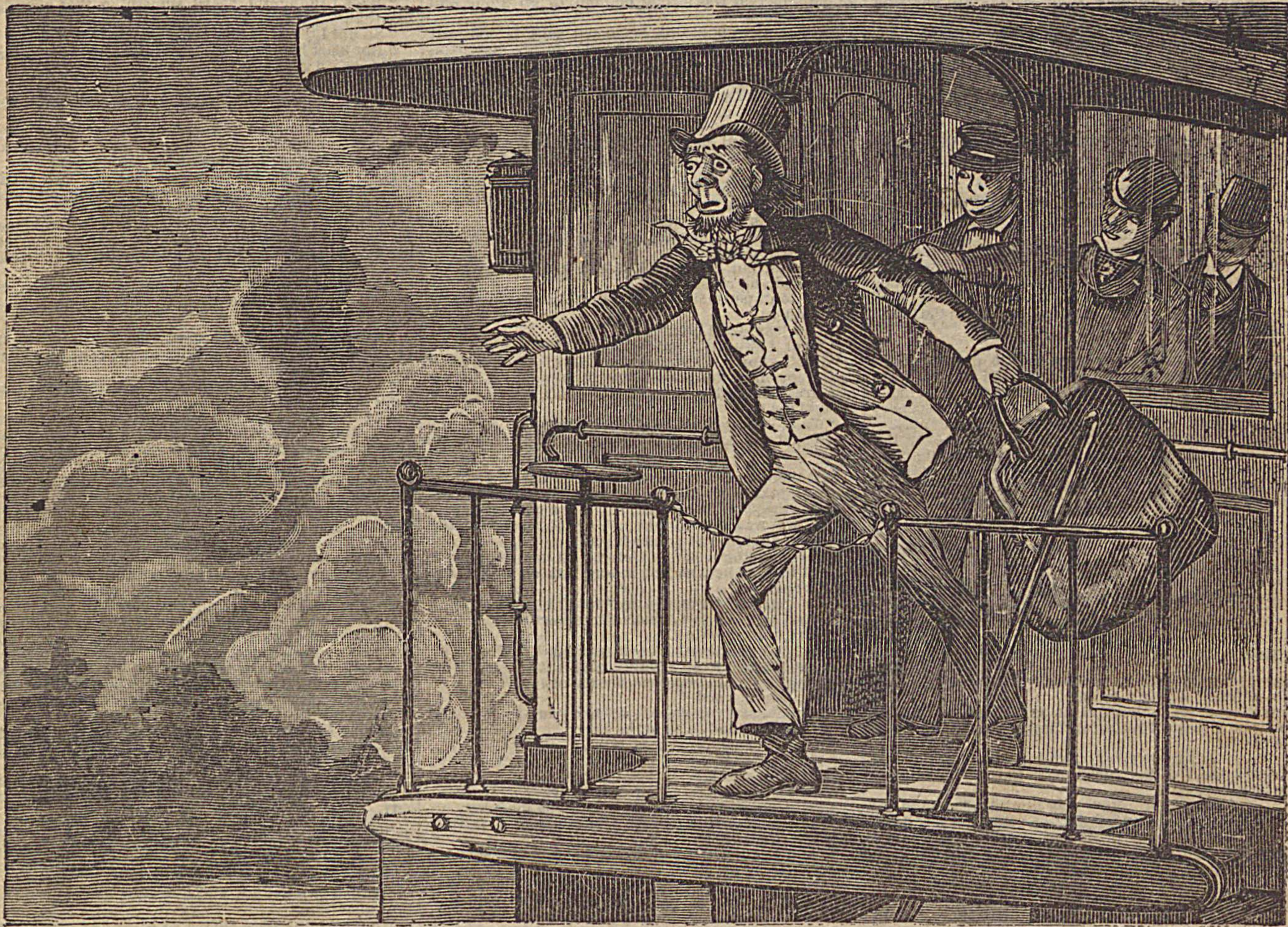
Was he mad?

Well, somewhat, a person would have believed, if they could have looked into the counting-room where he sat at the time.

And then his father had swallowed so much taffy from the young man, respecting the way in which he was getting along; and had swallowed it with so much pride, when, in truth, he was even worse than ever, and had been expelled!

"Where has the young vagabond gone, I wonder?" he mused aloud. "I'll go home, and if he is still there, I'll break every bone in his skin!" saying which he slammed on his hat and ordered a carriage to drive him home with all speed.

But the bird had flown, and thinking it might make



"Stop her—stop her!" he shouted. "What's the matter?" demanded the brakeman. "Stop her, I say. I want to get out."

ceeded with their task of packing up, but it was hard work, and even Tommy wasn't half so merry as he pretended to be.

That evening they had a jolly time in the room, which was crowded as full as it could well be with their friends, and the last night in Yale College was made quite as loud and jovial as the old building ever knew.

The next day they took the train for New York, Tommy having arranged that they should leave their luggage at the depot there until they knew how the cat was going to jump, and that Bill should accompany him home, where they could represent themselves as only home for a day's vacation, and so get out again before the letter of the president, which he had told him he was going to send, could reach there.

The students accompanied them to the depot in large numbers, many of them sad and many glad that they were going, and there they sang college songs and cheered in the most lusty manner.

On the approach of the train, and after they had all shaken hands with them, wishing them all sorts of good luck (a scene which very much resembled the one which took place when they left Mr. Slam's school), Jethro Mullen approached Tommy and seized his hand, while his eyes glistened with tears.

"Jeth, old man, be good to yourself," said Tommy, shaking the honest fellow's hand warmly; "but don't try to be a 'tough.' You can't do it," he added, laughing.

"That's so, Tommy. I found that out long ago, but I'm all-fired sorry you are going away, for I haven't a real friend left now. You are full of the devil, I know, but you can't help it; but I like you, Tommy, better than any other fellow who has shaken your hand to-day," said he, feelingly.

"I believe it, Jethro, and I thank you. Good-bye."

pot rang again, and as the train started they gave three rousing cheers, followed by the well-known college cry.

That was a send-off, indeed, but there was scarcely any happiness in it, unless it was for the teachers and college faculty, who now congratulated themselves with having got rid of two of the worst students who ever entered the college.

A few hours' ride brought our friends to New York, where they took a carriage and rode directly to Mr. Bounce's magnificent mansion, where Tommy's mother, and everybody at home, with the exception, perhaps, of Ebenezer Crow and his wife, gave them a cordial welcome, and in which his father joined, without the slightest suspicion, on his return from business.

The fact of their only having run home just to stay over night, and the magnificent quantities of "taffy" which Tommy gave his parents respecting the splendid progress he was making with his studies, made his visit doubly welcome.

The next day Tommy braced his mother for a couple of hundred dollars, and got it; after which they took a fond farewell and left the house, as though to return to college, just as his father received the letter written by the president, informing him that his hopeful son had been expelled.

CHAPTER XIV.

We left Tommy Bounce and his chum just leaving the parental roof to go out upon the world without any definite idea regarding the future, while his father was in the act of reading, at his place of business down town, a letter from the President of Yale College, informing him that he had been expelled, and giving the reasons for it.

Was Mr. Thomas Bounce astonished?

his wife feel bad, he kept the knowledge of their son's disgrace to himself.

"Expelled!" he kept muttering to himself as he rode back to his store. "What on earth shall I do with him? Oh! that ever I should be the father of a boy like that; I was a little wild myself at his age. I admit, but he is a great deal worse. He's not a 'chip of the old block,' I'll be hanged if he is. He isn't a—" and at this point the merchant fell to musing a little.

In spite of himself, his memory wandered back over his past life, even to the days when a kid, and known in his native place as "the village mischief," and by the time he reached his store again, he had thought of about as many rackets of his own as were chargeable to his son.

But this failed to sweeten his temper much, for he had long outgrown his boyish pranks, and, like all grown people with children, he was far from being ready to pardon or smother over the very tricks and capers in boys that he once delighted in himself.

But what had become of Tommy?

Well, the reader may have a curiosity to find out, so I will take them along and let them see for themselves.

"Have you got an idea, Tommy?" asked Bill Gunn, after they had left the house.

"Yes," replied Tommy.

"What is it?"

"That we are out in the cold."

"Well, I guess so. But which way are we going?" asked Bill, gloomily.

"Towards the Grand Central Depot."

"Bah! what's the use of chaffing now?"

"Well, because we may feel more like it now than we shall by and by," replied Tommy, laughing.

"Perhaps you are right, old man, but I can tell you, I feel very little like it even now."

"Nonsense. Brace up," said Tommy, slapping him

on the shoulder. "Haven't we got two hundred dollars?"

"Yes, you have."

"Well, what's mine is yours. Come along and nip your upper lip. Here, Sly," he called, "don't get on familiar terms with these bad city dogs. See what your master has come to by getting into bad company," and again did Tommy laugh in his old, merry way.

"Tommy, I believe you would laugh at a funeral," said Bill.

"Not if I was the central figure. But, I say, Bill, I really have an idea."

"Well?"

"We must get away until this storm blows over, for I dare say that dad is having a regular war-dance by this time, and perhaps your parents are enjoying the same felicity."

Bill groaned, and thought of home and Boston.

"Now, what do you say to taking a little spin over the country until the thing gets settled?"

"Where to?"

"Anywhere. Go out west. Great openings for young men out there, I'm told."

"Openings be blowed!"

"I'll tell you what. We'll take a trip to Cincinnati and stay a few days."

"Cincinnati?"

"Yes, Cincinnati, O—ho—ho!"

"All right. I guess I shall feel quite as well, and perhaps a little better, going that way than I should if I went towards Boston."

"That's so. Of course, the folks will fume and dance around for awhile when they find that we have skipped out on the strict Q. T., but after awhile they will get hungry for us, and we can return home like a brace of prodigal sons, and help them punish the fatted calf, eh?"

"All right."

This being settled, they went to the depot, bought tickets, had their baggage checked, and an hour from that time were seated in the smoking-car enjoying a pair of "weeds," and looking at the flying scenery that was putting itself between them and New York.

Tommy was as full of life and spirits as ever, but Bill Gunn was still downcast and blue in spite of all that he could do. Sly sat up on a seat in front of them, and even he looked a trifle solemn and anxious, as though partaking of his master's feelings. In fact, it was an hour or two before either of them began to feel very lively.

It may be well to state here that before leaving New York Bill Gunn had telegraphed home that he would return and explain everything. While Tommy sent this characteristic telegram to his father:

"DEAR DAD:—The Bounce was bounced, and has bounced off on a little pilgrimage until the dust gets settled. CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK."

And away they were speeding towards Albany at the rate of nearly a mile a minute.

"I'll bet a dollar that dad is as mad as he can be about now," said Tommy, as they were talking about the matter.

"Yes, and I guess it will take some time for the dust to settle, too, for this racket has kicked up quite a big one," said Bill.

"Oh, I know him. He'll kick himself all around the room because he can't get at me for the first few days, after which he will taper off and become quite a rational and respectable parent. He used to be a tough when he was my age."

"Yes, but those are the very fathers who go hardest on their children. I have heard."

"Nonsense. My dad is a darling, if you only keep out of the way until the dust settles."

At this point the train stopped, and a long, lean countryman got on the train and marched, by accident, into the smoking car, lugging a big carpet-bag.

Tommy's eyes twinkled with merriment the moment he saw the man sling himself and bag into the seat ahead of him, and he called Bill's attention by nudging him.

"Stag his nibs?"

"Yes, that's old Hayseed himself," said Bill.

The countryman took a look around the car and saw several persons smoking; then he turned to our friends.

"Du they 'low anybody tu smoke in this car?" he asked, with some earnestness of voice.

"Oh, certainly, if you have got a check," said Tommy, looking kindly at him.

"A check! What's that?"

"Why, like this," said Tommy, showing him his trunk check.

"Where du yer get 'em?"

"Have to get them at the ticket office where you buy your ticket."

"Thunder! How much?"

"One dollar."

"One dollar! What gosh darned swindlers these railroads be. Jest charged me a dollar for ridin' up ter Hudson where I belong," said he.

"Oh, they'll skin you if you let them."

"But how be yu goin' to help it?"

"Well, there's one way."

"How's that?" he asked, quickly.

"They don't charge anything for walking on their cracks," said Tommy, looking serious.

"Waal, yes, I guess that's so. Putty darned good toke on me, that was," said he, grinning.

"It would be if you had to walk it!"

"Right yu be, young man. But I wish I had one of them darned checks, for I want tu smoke like all git out."

Tommy happened to think that he had an old medal in his pocket, worn bright and smooth, and with it that he might have a little quiet fun, so he said:

"I will lend you my check if you like."

"Waal, by gosh, that's good of yu, young chap, I can't afford to pay a dollar, but I'd like to smoke. Will they let yu lend 'em?"

"Well, it's against the rules of the company, but the conductor knows that we have checks, and of course will not ask to see them again, so you might just as well borrow mine as not; he will never know but that it is yours."

"Good, by gosh, good! Yu be the sort of a chap I like to meet. Nothing mean or stuck up about yu, if yu do wear store clothes."

"Certainly not," replied Tommy, handing him the old medal. "Put it in your pocket, and if the conductor asks for it, show it."

"All right," said he, pocketing it and pulling forth an old pipe that was strong enough to go alone and carry baggage.

Proceeding to light this, he leaned back in his seat with an expression of calm delight on his face, firmly believing that he was beating the railroad company out of a dollar.

"Nice sort of a dorg yu've got there," said he, after puffing awhile, at the same time reaching over the back of the seat to pat Sly on the head.

"Look out, old man—I'm bad!" the dog seemed to say, whereat the countryman drew back his hand in astonishment.

"Thunderation?" he exclaimed.

"Be quiet, Sly," said Tommy, reprovingly. "You must not talk to strangers that way."

"Tork! Great juniper, does he tork?" asked the man, starting to his feet.

"Oh, yes; but I never allow him to do so in public. He is tired and cross to-day."

"Yu don't pretend tu tell me that that critter acterly torks, du yu?"

"You just heard him."

"Waal, I swanny! Say, what breed is he?"

"Don't know. First one ever I saw. But don't call the attention of the passengers to him, for it makes him dreadful mad, and besides, I don't want a crowd around me."

"Waal, if that don't beat all nater!" and so much interested did he get that he allowed his pipe to go out.

Just then the conductor entered the car for the purpose of taking up tickets, but by the time he had reached the party, the countryman had got his old pipe going, and was fast filling the car with tobacco smoke strong enough to kill potato-bugs.

The conductor took his ticket, and then stopped to look at him, as he was fast hiding himself in the pungent wreaths.

"Oh, that's all right, squire," said he.

"What's all right?" asked the conductor.

"Why, this smoking."

"Perhaps somebody else might think differently," said he, glancing at Tommy and Bill, as if to see whether they were being smothered or not.

"Oh, I'm all fixed."

"I should say you were, and that you are in danger of fixing everybody else in the car."

"Got my check right here, boss."

"What check?"

"Smokin' check."

"Let me see it," he asked, curiously.

"There she is," said he, producing the medal.

The conductor took it, and glanced from it to Tommy, who tipped a wink.

"Can't fool me, if I hain't traveled much," said the man, between his puffs.

"That's all right. Go ahead, only don't smoke people out of the car, or make tobacco hams of them," said the conductor, returning the "check," and going out with a big grin on his face.

"How's that? Wasn't that bluff?"

"Very finely worked," said Bill.

"Bet they don't make much out of me. The idea of chargin' a man a dollar tu smoke! These railroad companies are meaner 'n goose-grease pills," said he, and then straddled the stem of his pipe with his anxious lips again.

"Nothing like being sharp for them."

"Yu bet. But, I say, how 'bout that dorg? Doesn't it take the rag right off the bush?"

"Well, rather."

"Where'd yu git him?"

"He came from Mount Olympus."

"You don't say so! So he's a limpus dorg?"

"Yes, very rare, they say."

At that moment a brakeman opened one of the car doors, but as he went out, Bill Gunn shouted "Hudson!" in a voice which sounded exactly as though the brakeman had shouted.

"By gosh, this is Hudson!" exclaimed the countryman, leaping to his feet and seizing his big carpet-bag. "Here's yer check, young chap. Much obliged. Good-bye," and he made a wild dash for the car door, slamming people on either side of the aisle with his bag as he did so.

Opening the car door with considerable difficulty, he was confronted by the brakeman, while Tommy and Bill stood up in their seats to see how the racket would work.

"Stop her—stop her!" he shouted.

"What's the matter?" demanded the brakeman.

"Stop her, I say. I want tu git out."

"Get out! Out of your head now, I guess. Go back into the car and shut the door."

"Hudson! I want to stop at Hudson!" he persisted, loudly.

"Hudson be rammed! We aren't within ten miles of Hudson yet. Get back into the car."

"No, I won't. Yu can't fool me. Stop her!" he yelled again.

The next thing that countryman knew he was hustled back into the car, whirling around and tum-

bling over three or four men near the door, who in turn banged him around quite lively in return.

"Stop her—stop her, I say!" he kept yelling all the while, although it is a great wonder that he hadn't mistaken the affair for a railroad smash-up.

"What's the matter with you? Go sit down!" yelled half a dozen passengers.

"I want to get off at Hudson."

"Well, wait until we get there, then."

"That chap out there yelled 'Hudson!'"

"Oh, you are off your nut. Go sit down and dry up," was all the consolation he got, and so he made his way back to his seat again.

"What's the matter?" asked Tommy.

"Why, that darned fool yelled out Hudson; didn't you hear him?"

"Well, I thought I heard something that sounded like that."

"So did I," put in Bill.

"Rot blast his picher, he better not fool me that way again, or I'll get mad."

"I think I should if I were you."

"But maybe somebody shouted it for fun," suggested Bill, honestly.

"Waal, it wouldn't be very funny for whoever it was if I only knowed it. But I fooled 'em on my smoke, anyhow," he added, sinking back into his seat.

Passengers who sat near saw that the two young fellows had got him upon a frightful string, and were enjoying it quite as much as they were.

But presently the train slowed up, and the brakeman really did call out Hudson, and the victim of the joke left the car amid the laughter and spoken compliments of the passengers.

"Oh, yu all go tu blazes and pump thunder at three cents a clap!" he called back at them, as he reached the car door.

After the laughter had ceased, they heard him on the platform of the station, yelling at the conductor, and shaking his big fist.

"I beat yu darned smarties out of a dollar any way. I got my smoke for nothing."

And they could see him laughing as the train moved away, and he was evidently telling a group of people there how slick he had got his smoke without having to pay for it, all of which furnished amusement for the passengers for a long time afterwards, they voting Tommy and Bill two first-class bricks.

At Albany they stopped over night, and went to the theater, and in other ways enjoyed themselves first-class. The next day they took the cars for Niagara Falls, where they spent some time viewing the sights and wonders, and the next day went to Buffalo, where a few hours more were spent very pleasantly.

In fact, with what fun they managed to pick up on the cars, and at the different places where they stopped over, they had no reason to complain, even if they were away from home.

At the end of a week they arrived at Cincinnati, Ohio, a beautiful city, of which they had heard a great deal, and which they now proposed to become well acquainted with.

During the first three or four days they traveled for that purpose, and in the evenings attended theaters and places of amusement.

They boarded at a small hotel, and two pryer young fellows than they were could not be found in the Queen city.

But misfortune befell them one night, for, getting into a crowd, Tommy had his pocket picked of all the money they had in the world, with the exception of some small change, that altogether did not amount to more than two dollars, and Bill Gunn lost his watch at the same time.

Well, wasn't that a nice box to be in? Two bluer mortals than they were it would have been hard to find.

They looked at each other in such a forlorn, dejected way that they both finally burst out laughing.

They were seated in their room at the hotel, and both seemed dazed.

"A nice box we are in now," said Bill.

"A deuced sight cooler than any ice-box I was ever in before," said Tommy, trying to smile.

"How much do we owe here?"

"Oh, probably twenty dollars."

"Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"I wonder what the landlord will do about it?"

"That's the question. He will probably keep our baggage and refuse to keep us. Oh, what a confounded shame. Why didn't you let me keep part of the money?"

"Eh? What time is it, Bill?"

"Oh, yes; I know they got my watch."

"Well?"

"Well, it is confounded mean. But tell me what we are going to do?"

"I give it up."

"Can't you send home for some?"

"I am afraid the dust hasn't settled yet, Bill."

"Well, our 'dust' is settled, anyhow."

"Rather. Our dust is settled, and we can't raise the wind."

"Wonder how it would work if we should write home for some, Bill?"

"Some bill?"

"Some bills, then."

"I am afraid that a certain large Bill would get settled. Well—well, if this isn't a pretty pass! Let's get some sort of work to do."

"I am actually afraid that we shall have to become honest men and go to work, Bill. The thought is almost overpowering, isn't it?"

"Or become tramps."

"Well, we are very near that now. How about your ventriloquism—can't you make that pay in some way?"

"I'm afraid not; I haven't got the cheek, although poverty may sufficiently harden it yet."

"I'll tell you what, I think I have got an idea," said Tommy, after a pause.

"What is it?"

"I'll take what money we have got left and telegraph to dad to telegraph me on some money."

"But suppose he refuses—we are then completely burst."

"I'll try it, at all events."

CHAPTER XV.

WE left Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn in Cincinnati, where they had been robbed and were completely dead broke after the high old time they had had since leaving New York, and two sadder-looking pilgrims than they would have been curiosities, indeed.

After vainly trying to think of some way out of their trouble, being twenty dollars in debt at the hotel, besides being dead broke, Tommy finally summoned his reserve cheek and sent the following telegram to his father:

"DEAR DAD:—I am here without a cent. Please telegraph me some money to return to you."

"TOM BOUNCE."

"I guess that will fetch him," said Bill.

"Well, I hope it will fetch the money; I don't care so much about its fetching him."

"But suppose the dust isn't settled yet?"

"In that case I am afraid we shall not receive any 'dust' from him," replied Tommy.

"Well, let's brace up and hope for the best, and, in order to be enabled to do so the better, let's go and get a segar."

"Bully! That's a good suggestion, Bill. Lead on—I'll follow thee," exclaimed Tommy, striking a stage attitude.

"Come on."

Away they went in bright spirits, and in a few moments there were two segars less for sale in Cincinnati than before.

While waiting for a reply to their telegram they walked around to kill time, and finally played a game of billiards, for the operator told them that it might be two hours before they got a reply from New York.

But about noon a messenger brought it to them, and with some nervousness Tommy tore open the envelope and read the following dispatch:

"No, sir, I shall do nothing of the sort. Stay where you are or walk home."

"T. BOUNCE."

Bill Gunn gave a prolonged whistle, and Tommy looked very blue.

Here was a situation.

"By thunder!" exclaimed Tommy, crushing the telegram in his hand.

"Good gracious!" sighed Bill.

"Here's a go."

"Here's a stay, I should say."

"Yes, a stay of proceedings."

"What the devil shall we do?"

"Ask me an easier one."

"Was there ever such cussed luck?"

"Never," and they both relapsed into silence.

"I say, Tommy, I guess the dust isn't settled at home yet," said Bill, trying to laugh.

"I guess not; but it settles us," replied Tommy, gloomily.

"Yes; only we had better not let it settle us here. How about our hotel bill?"

"How about this Boston Bill? Doesn't he feel sick?"

"You bet he does. What shall we do?"

"Count railroad ties, I guess."

"What! walk back?"

"It costs money to ride."

"That's so. What the devil shall we do?"

"Alas—alas! dead broke, and a thousand miles from home!" said Tommy, comically.

"What would my folks say?"

"Well, you see what mine say. Most likely yours would say the same thing, or words to the same effect. But we have got to get out of this or be kicked out. Of course we can't take our trunks, but we will put on our best of everything, and fill our pockets with all they will hold, and leave the remainder to the over-confident landlord. Come on."

As they started up-stairs to their room, the clerk of the hotel beckoned them to his desk, and most gracefully introduced them to their bill for a week's board.

"Oh, bill, eh?" asked Tommy, looking at it in a cool, unconcerned way.

"Bill," replied the clerk, just as cool.

"Do you think we are going to run away?"

"No, sir."

"Well?"

"We render bills at the end of the week."

"All right. We will go away for good to-morrow, so just let it stand, and we will pay it all at the same time," said Tommy, waving his hand in a lordly way.

"All right," replied the clerk, and the two bursted youths went up to their room.

"That was a lucky escape," said Bill.

"You are right, it was."

"What a nerve you have got, Tommy."

"Well, I can just tell you that we have both got to cultivate nerve and cheek, for in all probability we shall have many splendid opportunities to use them before we get home."

"I guess we shall. Here, Sly, old fellow, how do you feel about it?" he said, patting his dog on the head.

To tell the truth, the intelligent animal did look and

act as if he understood that his friends were in trouble.

"Oh, Sly's all right, for if worst comes to worst, he can grub for his living. But I say, Bill, what a defective teacher you are."

"How so?"

"What an oversight it was that you neglected the art of stealing when you undertook the education of this dog."

"What are you driving at?"

"Why, when we are out on the tramp, he could have secured us a chicken once in a while if his education had been thorough."

"That's a fact, Sly, your education has been sadly neglected, seeing that you are now the dog of a tramp. What a shame!"

Sly looked up in his master's face and gave vent to a sorrowful howl, just as though he understood what was being said.

"Yes, a great shame, and since it is hard work to teach old dogs new tricks, I think you will stand a chance to go hungry with us, poor beggar."

"Come—come, let us get to business," said Tommy, earnestly.

"All right, fellow tramp."

And at it they went, putting on two clean shirts each, in fact, taking the best of everything they could wear without exciting suspicion, and then filling their pockets with other articles which they cared the most for, after which they were ready to go.

"Well, they won't get rich on what he have left them," suggested Bill.

"No, but they will most likely keep them as mementoes."

"I guess not. They will most likely be able to remember us without these duds. Well, what is the first move?"

"To move out of this, after which we will go to a pawn shop and 'spout' my ticker, for we must have a little money, even if it is too little to ride with. Come on."

"Good-by, old room! We took possession of you like a pair of bubbles, and we leave you—busted!" said Bill, with mock pathos.

"Yes, we entered it at the big end of the horn, and we leave it through the little end. Such, alas! is human greatness. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow!" said Tommy.

Locking the door they took the key down to the office and calmly hung it up in the care of the clerk, after which they walked out upon the street, with a sauntering air and made their way to a pawn shop.

Tommy had a nice little gold watch, a present from his mother, and the "Uncle" condescended to loan him twenty-five dollars on it, a very considerable sum if judiciously used, as it was now certain to be.

This over with, they made their way down Central avenue to the railroad depot.

Here they paused for consultation. They found it impossible to get on board the train without first buying tickets, and so Tommy purchased a pair of them to Dayton.

Getting on board of the express train, they were soon speeding along towards that city, and putting on as many airs as lords.

There had been no opportunity for a display of cheek as yet, but Tommy had a plan that would soon call out their nerve.

On the arrival of the train at Dayton, another conductor took charge of it, whose run was from there to Cleveland.

Tommy and Bill there separated, Bill going to the smoking-car, with his dog, and Tommy taking a seat in the forward car of the long train, where he soberly busied himself with reading a paper, they having a perfect understanding of what was to be done, and both on their good and serious behavior.

Of course, when the conductor came along to look up the tickets, he began in the forward car, and naturally enough came upon Tommy Bounce first.

"Ticket," he said, holding out his hand.

"Ticket! Oh, ah—" and he began to look around as though in search of something, taking as much time as possible to do it in.

"Well?" asked the conductor.

"My chum has got my ticket, and he is in the smoking-car. We go through to New York."

The conductor moved along without a word, and continued his work of looking up the tickets of the passengers.

This, of course, took quite a while to do. In fact, it was fully half an hour before he reached the smoking-car, where Bill Gunn was leisurely smoking a segar.

"Ticket!" suggested the conductor.

"Why, my chum has my ticket, and he's away forward somewhere," said Bill, looking the soul of honesty.

"Your chum?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was a young man in the first car who said that you had his ticket. Now, how is it, anyway?" and the conductor looked a trifle annoyed.

"No—no! What sort of a looking party is the one you refer to?"

"Young fellow about your age; short black hair, red cheeks, and rather a nobby-looking fellow. That him?"

"That's him, for all the world."

"Well, he says you have the tickets."

"Ah, but he is mistaken. He has them in his satchel, if he only remembers it. He showed them to the conductor at Cincinnati."

"We will see about that," said the officer, turning away to finish his work, for they were now well on the road to Cleveland.

Well, on account of the stop at Mansfield, he was bothered for some time, and it was not until they had started once more that he began his tour through the cars again.

Then, of course, he came upon Tommy as before, scarcely remembering the affair, however, until he set his eyes on him again.

"Say, look here; your chum, as you call him, says that you have got the tickets in your satchel," said he, sternly.

"Why, no I have not. He has got the bag himself," said Tommy, looking surprised.

"Look here, young fellow, you come with me, and let us have this thing settled. I don't quite see through this business."

"Oh, certainly! We have come through from St. Louis, and he has got the tickets in his bag; that's all right."

"It will be when I see them. Come along, and have the thing cleared up," said the conductor, leading the way.

But thinking he would save time and another journey through the flying train, the conductor took up and examined the tickets as he went along, thus occupying about twenty minutes more. And every minute was precious to Tommy and Bill, for at the rate they were then going every moment took them nearly a mile nearer to New York.

But finally they reached the smoking car. Going straight up to Bill with an astonished look, followed by the conductor, Tommy asked:

"Where are those tickets, Bill?"

"Why, you put them in the bag at Cincinnati; don't you remember?" asked Bill.

"Yes, but where is the bag?"

"Why, you have it, haven't you?"

"No, I have not. What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"There's nothing the matter with me. You had charge of the satchel when we got off at Dayton for refreshments."

"The devil I did!"

"Of course you did."

"Well, I haven't got it now."

"All right; then you left it at Dayton. What a confounded stupid piece of business!"

"But your tickets," suggested the conductor.

"They are in our bag at Dayton. Oh, what a stupid piece of business! And I have valuables in that bag."

"What a shame!"

"Well, what are you going to do?" the conductor asked, impatiently.

"What shall we do, conductor?" asked Tommy, with great sorrow in his voice.

"Buy other tickets."

"But we have our tickets straight through to New York, and we have no more money."

"Do you suppose we could telegraph back to the keeper of the restaurant and have the bag forwarded?" asked Bill, earnestly.

They were doing elegant acting, both of them.

"Well, I suppose you might do so."

"How far do you go with the train?"

"Cleveland."

"Very well. We will ride with you to Cleveland, and then telegraph back from there."

"Or, when do you go back to Dayton?"

"On the first train in the morning."

"Ah, I have it!" said Tommy.

"Well?" asked the duped conductor.

"Yes," put in Bill, anxiously.

"We will remain at Cleveland until the conductor returns to-morrow, and he can obtain our valise and bring it along with him, when we can give him our tickets."

"That's so. Will you be kind enough to do that, Mr. Conductor?" asked Bill, with great earnestness.

"Well, I suppose I can. What sort of a satchel is it?"

"A black leather one, with the name *Thomas Bounce* painted on it."

"Let me look at you two young fellows," said the conductor, and he gazed searchingly into their faces.

But they acted so well, and looked so innocent, that he couldn't find it in his heart to suspect them of fraud.

"All right. I'll bring it with me to-morrow."

"Thank you."

"Where did you leave it?"

"I must have set it down on the floor near the lunch-counter, and left it there."

"Very well. I will see you through to Cleveland," said the conductor, finishing his work and going from the car.

"How was that for cheek?" asked Tommy, after making sure that the official was out of sight and hearing.

"Let me feel of yours," said Bill, and he poked his finger into it. "Hard as brass!"

"Well, I don't think it would hurt yours much if it should hit against it. But this is just high, hanky panky, wigggleum wo! Here we are safely put through to Cleveland. How's that?" asked Tommy, gleefully.

"Great, and if we can only work a few more rackets like this, we can get put through to New York without trouble."

At Cleveland they worked the very same business, and got through to Dunkirk by the skin of their teeth.

But here their good luck forsook them for the time, and they got fired off the train.

There they took to the track and walked to the next station beyond, where they managed to board another train, and by dint of the most colossal cheek, got through to Buffalo all right.

By this time their money was nearly all gone, and they found it a difficult matter to get upon the New York trains, both being bounced several times while attempting to do so without showing tickets.

They made their headquarters at a cheap hotel near the depot, and Bill had some fun occasionally with his "talking dog."

Finally the idea suggested itself that he might pick up a few pennies with Sly, and so arrangements were

entered into with the landlord whereby they were to have the use of a small room off the bar-room wherein to exhibit his "great natural curiosity."

So, in a short time, there was a sign put on the door which read:

"THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE!

Something Never Seen or Heard Before.

— A TALKING DOG. —

Admission, 25 cents."

In a very short time this announcement created a sensation, and as the landlord "capped" for them,

ed the delighted Dutchman, dancing around the room.

"All right. You come here to-morrow, and you shall have him," said Bill, whereat the Dutchman danced again, and afterwards told some of his friends that he would make a fortune out of that wonderful dog.

As soon as he had gone, however, Bill went out and bought another dog that looked very much like Sly, and had him ready for the infatuated purchaser when he returned next day, keeping his own dog out of sight.

"He feels bad about parting with me; but you will of course take good care of him. Give him nothing but broiled chicken, and keep him well blanketed."

But in due course of time they arrived in New York again, having been gone nearly a month; but they came in light marching order, not yet having sent to Cincinnati for their trunks, which had been left with the landlord of the hotel where they boarded in lieu of the money which they were owing him.

"Well, Tommy, what are we going to do now?" asked Bill, after they had left the cars.

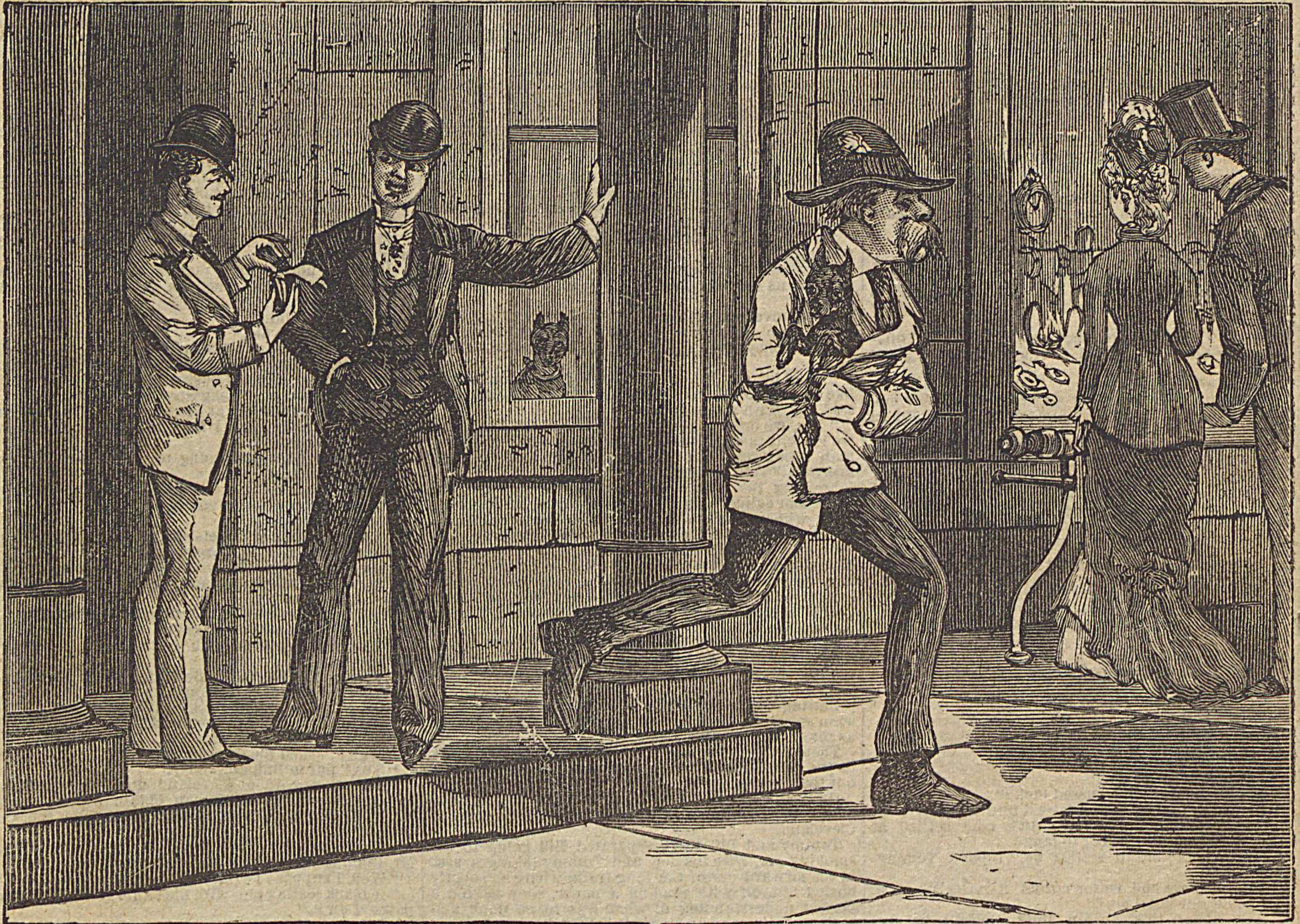
"Do?" asked Tommy, looking a trifle serious, as though the question bothered him.

"Yes," and Bill also looked somewhat anxious.

"Well—" and he scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Well?"

"I say, Bill, I hadn't thought of that before. But I suppose you will go on to Boston."



The Dutchman laughed and danced, and catching his new purchase in his arms, he started with it on a run for his home.

the quarters began to jingle in upon them at a lively rate.

Tommy stood at the door to take the money and to harangue the crowd, while Bill and the dog did the fine work inside. And fine work it was, indeed, for Bill never let himself out so much in his life, and never succeeded better, while Sly seemed to understand that his best was expected of him, and acted like a major, the result being that people who went in to see him were puzzled, and many of them acknowledged it good, and the show worth the money charged for it.

For two or three days they kept this thing up, the result being that they found themselves with about thirty dollars, and perfectly independent of all railroads.

But the funniest part of the business was that they came across a showman who wanted to buy the dog, finally offering Bill one hundred dollars for him, evidently believing that the animal really talked.

He was a Dutchman, and very ambitious to eclipse Barnum. Bill didn't care much about selling his dog, but the fellow kept at him so persistently that he could hardly get away.

"I tell you he won't do anything for you. I have trained him, and he will not talk for you if you buy him," said he.

"Ah, dos is all right. I dake my chances mit dot torg, und I gife von hundred and fifty tollar for him. How vos dot?" he asked.

"Oh, that is all right, I suppose. But if I sell him to you, and he don't talk, you must not blame me."

"Now, Bill, he will talk well enough after he gets used to the gentleman," said Tommy, who was anxious for the sell and the money.

"All right, if Sly agrees to it. I say, Sly, do you want me to sell you?" he asked.

"I don't care if I only get my rations," the dog seemed to say.

"Oh, mine Gott! Oh, but dot vos great!" exclaimed

"Oh, you bade I will," said he, producing the money.

"And after a few days he will get acquainted with you and begin the talk," said Bill, taking the cash.

"Oh, you bade!"

"Good-by, Sly, old fellow, be good to your new master, will you?" asked Bill, patting the new dog on the head.

"Yes, if he only feeds me well. Ta-ta," the dog seemed to say, and again the Dutchman laughed and danced, and catching his new purchase in his arms, he started with it on a run for his home.

Tommy and Bill exchanged long winks, and twenty minutes afterwards were seated in a car with Sly between them, bound for New York, and in high spirits.

CHAPTER XVI.

FORTUNE and Sly favored Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn once more, and after an eventful journey from Cincinnati to Buffalo, they were now in funds again and ticketed through to New York.

Both of them were feeling as fine as silk, and laughed over the trick they had played upon the Dutch showman, who thought he was buying a talking dog for one hundred and fifty dollars, when another animal was substituted for Sly.

This, together with the fun they had had at Buffalo, exhibiting the "talking dog" at twenty-five cents a head, gave them enough to laugh at for a long time, and so full of life were they that neither of them gave a thought to the reception they were to get in New York.

Of course they picked up considerable fun on the train, as usual, for you might just as well attempt to keep a hen from scratching, as to keep either of them out of mischief.

"Hang me if I know, but I'd ten times rather stay where you are."

"And you know I would like nothing better than to have you with me," said Tommy, earnestly.

"I somehow think that dad will make it particularly warm for me when I get home."

"Well, he can't beat my dad," said Tommy.

"Perhaps not; but he can beat me."

"Perhaps they'll both receive us like prodigal sons and toast the fatted calf; the infantile bovine," said Tommy, laughing.

"I am afraid that calf will grow to be a cow and die of old age if it don't get killed before either one of our loving parents kill it on our account."

"Let's run away some more."

"Nixey; I've got a belly full of that sort of fodder. But I'll tell you what I will do; I will go to a hotel and wait until you—"

"You'll wait and see whether I get killed or not, eh?"

"I'll wait until you settle the dust with your dad, if such a thing is to be done, and then I shall know better what to do myself."

"All right; that's a good idea. Let's see, it is now about noon, and dad is down to the store, so I'll just go and interview mother and find out how the land lays, after which I will join you at the hotel and let her break the news of our arrival to his nibs, after which I will see her again and find out what he says."

"Good enough; I'll be right here to the Grand Central waiting for you," said Bill, and, shaking hands, the two friends parted.

In spite of Tommy's "nerve," he went up to the front stoop of his father's house with some hesitation and not a few misgivings. But he felt that the thing had to be done sooner or later, and so he pulled the door-bell.

It was responded to by George Washington Abra-

ham Lincoln Crow, the colored hall-boy, about Tommy's own age, and whom the reader will most likely remember in connection with Tommy's earlier career.

"Halloo, Crow. Where's mother?" he asked, in a whisper.

The astonished darkey gazed at him speechless, while his eyes stuck out far enough to have hung your hat on.

"What's the matter with you, anyway? Where is mother—don't you hear?"

"Guess she am up in her chamber," said the darkey, at length.

"Alone?"

"I don't know, sah."

"Dad isn't in, is he?"

"But you telegraphed for money?"

"Yes; we got robbed there one night, and got completely broke."

"How did you get back again?"

"On foot a part of the way; the remainder on cheek," said he, laughing.

"Why, how dreadful!"

"Yes, it was rather rough. But what does dad say about it?"

"Oh, Tommy, he is dreadfully angry."

"I thought so from his answer to my telegram for money. But hasn't he cooled off any yet?"

"I fear not."

"Then he must have been red hot."

"I never knew him to be so angry before in my life,

"Well, exciting, then."

"Say disgraceful, rather."

"We only wanted to have a little fun. But what do you think father will do?"

"I cannot tell. He makes many threats, but what either he or Mr. Gunn will do I cannot say. Oh, I am so sorry, Tommy."

"Well, on your account I am sorry, too. But there's no use in crying for spilled milk. Now, like my own dear, good mother, intercede for me and I will never be bad again," said he, kissing her tenderly. "I will go to the hotel where Billy is, and visit you again tomorrow to hear how the governor feels. Tell him I am very penitent, as I am (in my mind), and you shall never have cause to be ashamed of me again."

"Oh, if you would only be a good boy."



"How's that?" cried the cook, coming a double shuffle upon the carpet which made the dust fly like anything. "Good! Go it!" cried Tommy.

"No, sah."

"Has he said anything about me?"

"Oh, Tommy, you jus' oughter hear him."

"How?"

"Wid your ears."

"About what?"

"He go on jes' dressful 'bout you."

"Going to kill me?"

"Don't know; but I guess he broke ebery bone in you' body, putty nigh," said the youthful Crow, shaking his head, sadly.

"Go up-stairs and tell mother I want to see her down in the parlor."

"Yes, sah," and away he went, while Tommy sauntered into the luxurious parlor.

"I guess I'm solid with the old gal yet, and she can wheedle his ribs without any trouble, I am sure," and just then he stopped in front of a life-size photograph of himself, taken when he was a kid.

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy, my son!" cried a voice in the parlor door; and the next moment he was folded in the embrace of his weeping mother.

"My dear mother!" exclaimed Tommy; and although he really did feel a trifle bad over the matter, he caught himself winking to his own reflection in the pier-glass.

"How are you, my boy?"

"Tip top, mother—tip top."

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy, how could you do such a dreadful thing?"

"Well, we couldn't go back to college, you know, and so we thought we'd take a little run around until the dust settled," said he.

"But why did you not tell us the truth?"

"Well, perhaps it would have been the better way, but I wasn't quite ready for the circus then."

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, out to Cincinnati, and all around."

and he scolded me because I took your part, and said that it was all my fault, your acting so."

"Too bad, mother—too bad, when he all the while knows that I am only just as he was at my age; I have heard grandpop say that I was a chip off the old block."

"Well, Tommy, that is no excuse for your behaving as you have. You know that it was my influence that got him to send you to college, and although he predicted how it would all end, I was in hopes that you would have graduated with honor."

"Well, so I should have done if they had let me alone, and not fired me out."

"Oh, my boy, your conduct there was dreadful."

"How do you know?"

"Your father has visited New Haven and heard all about it, and I feel certain that he never will allow you to go to school again."

"Well, that won't make me sick."

"Where is your companion?"

"Over to the Grand Central."

"His father is on here."

"What is that you say? Bill Gunn's father on here? What for?"

"I don't know; he and your father are in consultation about you two."

"Oh, won't that make Billy jump when I tell him that his dad is here? Is he indignant?"

"Very, and accused you of leading his son off, and making all the trouble."

"Me? I lead Bill Gunn! Well, that's good."

"But your father took him to New Haven, where he soon became convinced that his son was quite able to play his part."

"Well—well, this is interesting, indeed," replied Tommy, laughing.

"No—no, my son, not interesting."

"Well, I will be, if you only fix it all right with the governor."

"Tommy, you know that I shall do all I can for you, but I fear it will be hard work to effect a reconciliation between you."

"Oh, I know you can do it, mother."

"I will try."

"And if you succeed, I will come home and be so good that wings will sprout on me."

"Do you wish any money?"

"Well, I would like to get some clothing."

"Indeed, you need it. Here is fifty dollars. Get what you require, and come here again at eleven o'clock to-morrow."

"Oh, you are such a dear, good mother," said he, taking the money. "Good-bye," and he started downstairs for the purpose of going out by the basement door.

Seeing George Washington Abraham Lincoln Crow sitting in the lower hall asleep, he could not resist the temptation to turn a pail of stewed tomatoes over him, and to bang the pail down over his head, and then to skip out into the street, leaving the frightened darkey to yell murder and alarm the whole house.

Returning to Bill Gunn, who was impatiently waiting for him, he imparted the news, a portion of which startled him very much. But they braced up, and tried to find a bright side to the picture. They went to the theater that evening, and afterwards played a few billiards, to kill the time.

The next morning about nine o'clock, and while they were just debating how they should pass the day, who should pop in upon them but Mr. Bounce and Mr. Gunn!

The situation was decidedly awkward, and Bill, more than Tommy, felt very much cut up.

"Halloo, dad!" said Tommy, rushing towards him with extended hand. "How you was?"

"None of your business, sir. Very little you care how I am," thundered the elder Bounce; which rather took the dash out of the youngster. "A nice affair this is, isn't it?"

"Well, I suppose it is a little crooked."

"I should say it was, and you may thank your mother that you do not get a flogging right here in public, you young scoundrel!" howled the old man, clutching his cane.

Meanwhile, Mr. Gunn was interviewing that son of a Gunn, and placing a few vigorous remarks where there would do the most good.

"Now, sir," continued Mr. Bounce, "I have made up my mind, as Mr. Gunn has, that you have had all the education you will ever get, and that you must go to work at a trade, which will most likely take some of the devilry out of you."

"I don't care what you do, if you will only let Bill and I stay together," said Tommy.

"Well, if you can get any consolation from that you are welcome to it. We have arranged with a carpenter to take you both as apprentices, and you will live with him, and he has authority to flog the devil out of you both if you don't behave."

"All right. I like the carpenter's trade a great sight better than I do the hardware business. When are we to begin?"

"At once; so come along, and we will deliver into his charge two of the worst boys that ever attempted to learn a trade."

"What do you think of it, Bill?" asked Tommy.

"I am satisfied if you are," said he.

"Satisfied or not, you will have to do it, for you have disgraced yourself by being expelled from college, and are only fit for a mechanic," said the elder Gunn, severely.

"Mechanic! I'd rather be a mechanic any day than a stuck-up professional," said Bill.

"Of course. They are the salt of the earth," added Tommy; "I always wanted to be one."

"Well, you shall have a chance, for I am determined to make something out of you or break your neck, so come along," said Mr. Bounce.

And that was the way the thing was settled. Both of the boys were taken to the carpenter shop of Mr. Plane, and put to work, bound for three years to learn the trade.

The novelty of the change rather pleased both of them, although it took them some time to get used to it, both being the sons of wealthy parents and neither having done any work of any kind before in their lives. But both of them were stout, well-built young fellows, handy at almost anything, and in the course of a few months they had not only made rapid progress at the trade, which they both liked, but they had won the respect of their boss, who regarded them as two very smart boys, as they really were.

But it must not be supposed for a moment that they had in the meantime wholly relinquished their devilry, for on the contrary they had as much of it as ever. Tommy's mother kept him well supplied with pocket money, and as they had their evenings to themselves, they went to some place of amusement nearly every night.

And among the men employed by Mr. Plane they were great favorites, although they often played great rackets on them, but oftener upon Ted O'Thump, the teamster, than the others.

Ted was a regular wild Irishman, and the tricks they used to play upon him nearly drove him crazy; and as for Bill's ventriloquism, that stood him in good need, for he had learned to imitate the voices of the boss and several of the men.

The shop was two stories high, and Ted was liable to be called from one to the other by what he was sure was the boss, only to get confused and finally mad over the matter, although he never stopped to think that this fooling only took place when Bill was somewhere around. And there was another old fellow who talked through his nose, whom Bill could imitate so exactly that it would deceive anybody in the world.

For instance, Ted was busy one day cleaning the shavings out of the shop, while Bill was at work near by, when the voice of Mr. Jack (the man who talked through his nose) was heard, as though up in the lumber loft, calling Ted.

"Put the divil does yez want, onyhow?" yelled Ted.

"Why don't ye larn to talk loike a Christian?"

"Come up here and help me!" cried the voice.

"So I would, if I could help choke yees, ye ould crank; you're always wanting."

"Go up at once!" they heard Mr. Plane seem to say, down-stairs.

"Do you hear that?" asked Bill. "You had better go or you'll get bounced," and Ted went up into the loft, growling.

"Where are ye's, onyhow?" he called.

"Down here," came from another direction.

"Bad manners to ye, I thought ye said that it was up here ye was. Who the blazes can tell phat a man says that spakes through his nose!" he growled, turning and coming down-stairs.

"Are you coming?" sounded up-stairs again.

"Where are ye, I soy?"

"Up here, I tell you."

"Oh, go ter the devil!" exclaimed Ted, returning to his former employment.

And so he was continually making fun for himself and Tommy, at the expense of some one, to say nothing of the tricks they used to play which came under the head of practical jokes.

They had been at their trade scarcely six months when they became so competent that their boss would send them out to do jobs of repairing and the like at the houses of his customers, and it was on these occasions that they managed to have a heap of fun, principally with the servant girls, whom they were sure to meet at the houses.

They were doing some repairs in the kitchen of a house on Lexington avenue one day, chatting with the cook meantime, a big colored wench, and when Bill saw her sharpen her knife and begin to dress a little pig for the oven, he watched his opportunity, and the moment she began to cut it, he imitated the squealing of a pig so naturally that the wench dropped pig and knife and rushed madly out of the room.

"Fo' de Lord, dat pig amn't dead yet!" she said, looking back, after a moment's pause.

"What's the matter, aunty?" asked Tommy.

"Didn' you heah dat pig squeal?"

"No, of course not. What's the matter with you?"

"Fo' de Lord, an' all the saints, I heah dat pig squeal when I cut him," said she, returning cautiously to the room.

"Nonsense; the pig is dead and all his insides taken out. How could he squeal?"

"Dat am dreful strange, chile."

"Guess you are a little off, to-day."

"Guess I am," she muttered, taking up the pig and knife again.

The next time she cut it it began to squeal again, and then she became so frightened that she would have nothing further to do with the little porker, and so the family had no roast pig for dinner on that day.

On another occasion they were working at a gentleman's house where there were several very frisky good looking Irish servant girls, with whom they soon became familiar and were bandying jokes with them.

Now, it so happened, that on the second day everybody belonging to the house had gone out, with the exception of the servant girls, and there was more fun and nonsense going on than there was work being done, both by the servants and handsome apprentices.

In the front parlor there was an elegant piano, and Bill Gunn being an excellent performer on that instrument, could not resist the temptation to try his hand, and so sat down and began to play a rollicking jig, greatly to the astonishment of the servants.

"Luck at that!" cried one of them. "A carpenter playing the peanny!"

"Begorra, but he's a darhnt!" said another.

"Let's have a dance!" said Tommy.

"Whoop! so we will. Can ye jig it?"

"I guess so. Try me."

"Come on, then, whoop!"

Tommy was no slouch at the business, but he was scarcely anywhere beside the girl, who could dance like an Irish fairy. But when the cook and the other girl caught the fever and jumped in for a piece of the dance, they fairly made the house shake. "Such a heavy stepper was my Mary Ann."

"Go it!" cried Bill, as he played away.

"Whoop her up!" said Tommy, doing his best to keep even with his partner.

"Hoy!"

"Whoop for the ould dirt!"

"Whoop for ould Ireland!"

"Come on! Yer no good," said Tommy's girl giving him a new step and another touch of her terpsichorean agility.

"How's that?" cried the cook, coming a double shuffle upon the carpet, which made the dust fly like anything.

"Good! Go it!" said Tommy.

"Whoop!" they all three yelled, and then they went in even heavier and wilder.

At that moment Tommy glanced up and beheld the mistress of the house standing at the parlor door, the very picture of astonishment.

"Cheese it!" he called, and darted out of the room. But the others were so earnest in their sport that they failed to take in the situation, and it was not until the mistress strode into the room and seized Bill by the arm, that they saw it and scattered in consternation.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MORE confused musician than Bill Gunn was when the mistress of the mansion where they had been at work came into the parlor and seized him as he sat at the piano, it would be useless to try to find.

And it is not often that a "ball" is broken up so suddenly as that one was, when the servant girls saw that they had been caught at their pastime. They had been in high heat but a moment before, but this was a cooler.

"How dare you, sir?" she demanded of the carpenter's apprentice.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, madame; but being a lover of music, I could not resist the temptation to sit down and play a little; but it seems your servants are as fond of dancing as I am of playing."

"I should think so—the bold, disgraceful things."

"Please excuse them, madame; it was all my fault," he said, pleadingly.

"Go to your work at once, and regard yourself as very fortunate if I do not report you to your employer, Mr. Plane," said she, but without the ferocity with which she had spoken at first, for the handsome face of Bill Gunn, together with his gentlemanly manners, had made a good impression upon her.

So the matter passed off all right, and the young carpenters escaped the consequences of their prank, as they had done so many times before, in various places.

And so they mingled fun with business as they had with study, making the days and the weeks slip along much faster than they otherwise would have done.

Both Mr. Bounce and Mr. Gunn received good reports of their sons, and both felt proud. In fact, before they had served six months of their three years' apprenticeship, they had forgiven them for all that had passed, and put their heads together regarding what should be done with them in the future, it being

agreed that they must be established in some sort of business together, as they were such firm friends.

At the end of the first year Bill went home to Boston and made a visit, but Tommy was a visitor at his home at least every week, when he was cordially received by his mother, if not by his father and the colored servants.

Put Ebenezer Crow took quite an interest in Tommy, now that he saw his reformation, and feeling that it was his place to compliment and encourage him, he lost no opportunity of doing so.

"Oh, chile," he would say, "I'se precious glad fo ter see yer behabin' so wek."

"What is that you say—didn't I always behave myself, Ebenezer?" asked Tommy.

"Oh, chile, you know dat de debel neber had a libeller messenger den you war."

"Pshaw! What did ever I do?"

"By golly, Tommy, I should just be glad to find out what you didn't do."

"To who?"

"To everybody."

"When?"

"All de time."

"How long ago?"

"Eber sinse you leab off nursing, chile."

"Nursing whom?"

"Why, you mudder ob course."

"My mother?"

"To be shuah. Who else?"

"I don't know, but perhaps you do, you seem to know everything about me."

"Oh, chile, you war bad," and old Ebenezer shook his head sadly.

"Bad what?"

"Bad boy."

"Did you see me?"

"Lord! guess I did."

"Where was I?"

"All ober."

"Where were you?"

"Why, workin' fo' your farder, ob cose."

"Did father see me?"

"Guess he just did, honey."

"Did mother see me?"

"Couldn't help it, I guess."

"And you saw me?"

"Don't I told you dat I did?"

"Where were you?"

"Why, roun' de house."

"What were you doing around the house?"

"Why, workin' fur your farder."

"Did father hire you?"

"How I work if he didn't?"

"What did you do?"

"Dribe de hosses an' do chores 'bout de place."

"What place?"

"Why, Tommy, 'pears like yor don't know nuffin tall. De house an' stable, ob cose."

"And I was bad?" he asked, keeping up the quizzing, but looking as honest as a pot.

"Chile, you war de wuss in de world."

"And you saw me?"

"Yes, by golly, and I feel you, too."

"Where did you feel of me?"

"I mean I feel your pranks?"

"Did I have pranks?"

"I should say dat you did, honey."

"Have 'em bad?"

"De wuss in de world."

"Did they break out?"

"Guess dey did."

"Anything like the measels?"

"Wuss nor dat, Tommy."

"Make me sick?"

"By golly, no, but it makes eberybody else sick, though."

"Did you see me?"

"Of course I did. What am de matter wid you?"

"Where was I?"

"Tommy, you are foolin' wid me," said the old darkey, tumbling to it at last.

"Me?"

"Yes."

"What about?"

"Askin' me dem questions all de time."

"Now?"

"Yes."

"About what?"

"Tommy, you better stop."

"Stop what?"

"Foolin' wid a man old enough to be you farder. You ought to be shamed ob yourself," and he said it as though he felt hurt.

"What am I fooling about?"

"Dem questions."

"What questions?"

"Tommy, bimeby you make me swear."

"What about?"

"Better stop."

"No, thank you, I must be going."

"Dat am de bes' thing dat you can do."

"What?"

"To go."

"Where?"

"Oh, go to de debil!" exclaimed Ebenezer, rushing out of the room, unable to stand the quizzing any longer.

Tommy laughed heartily, and the old darkey on whom he had played so many pranks, and was on the point of congratulating him on his reformation, now concluded that he was just as bad as ever.

And George Washington Abraham Lincoln Crow thought the same thing, for a month afterwards Tommy grappled with him for a wrestling bout, threw him easily upon his back, after which he placed a tub of water on top of him, telling him not to move for the world, or he would spill it all over the floor and his

mother would give him an awful whalloping, and then ran laughing up-stairs, kissed his hand to his mother, and left the house whistling "My Johnny is a Carpenter."

The young coon saw that he could not move without spilling the water, and so he yelled for his mother, who was at work in the kitchen.

She went into the dining-room and beheld her only son in the strange position. She threw up her hands and started in alarm.

"What you do dar, George Washington! Abraham Lincoln Crow?" she demanded.

"Oh, take it off, mudder!" he cried.

"What you do wid dat tub ob water on you for in dat way?"

"Take it off?"

away, so they could never account for the deception practiced upon them.

Bill caught Ted nailing down the cover of a big dry goods box in the yard one day, for Ted had to make himself generally useful about the place, and so he thought he would have a little fun with him.

"What are you nailing that box up for?" he asked, approaching him.

"Sure, because Mr. Plane bid me do it."

"Where is the tramp who was sleeping in it a few moments ago?"

"Tramp! Sure I saw no tramp. Where is he?"

"Asleep in that box only a few moments ago; I was going to wake him up, but I thought the poor devil might be tired, and so let him sleep. I hope you haven't nailed him up in there."

"Go ter the devil. It isn't light yet," said the supposed tramp, as though annoyed.

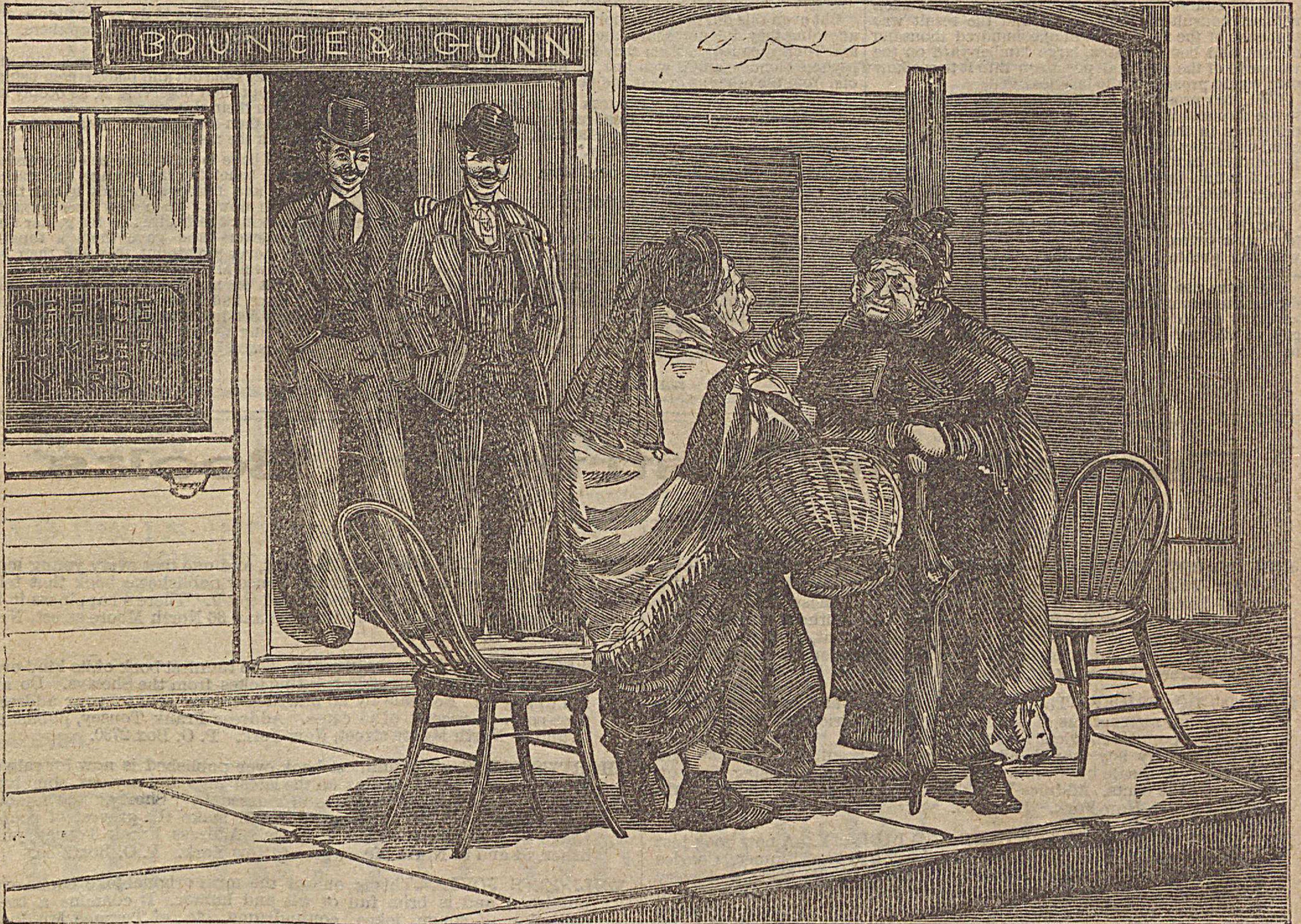
Bill laughed heartily, but Ted swore.

"Bad manners ter ther blackguard, I'll soon give him all the light he wants," said he, going into the shop for a chisel wherewith to pry off the boards he had nailed on so stoutly.

"That's a good joke on you, Ted, and I must tell the fellows about it," said Bill, also going towards the shop.

"Be the toe nails of Moses, but it won't be a very good joke on that blackguard when I onct git that cover off," growled Ted; "I'll break him all ter pieces—so I will."

Bill told Tommy the racket he had started, and



They stole out and placed the chairs behind the old ladies without their observing it, so deeply occupied were they in their chunning.

"Been tryin' fo' ter play circus some mo', I 'spose? I tole you what it is, George Washington Abraham Lincoln, if I catches you at any mo' ob your circus tricks, I broke ebery bone in your black skin," she said, lifting the tub of water from his chest and setting it aside. "Now go on 'bout your business or you'll t'ink dat a mule am a buzzin' 'round you wid his hind legs," she added, as the boy leaped to his feet.

"I didn't play no circus, mudder," said he.

"Then how you get dat water on you belly?"

"Tommy Bounce put it dar, mudder."

"Tommy Bounce! Hab he been heah?"

"Yes, he just go."

"Well, what you had anything to do wid him fo'? Didn't I tole you 'bout a million times dat I kill you if you don't keep way from dat boy?"

"He make me wrestle."

"Who make you wrestle? Guess he couldn't make you if you didn't want ter. You jus' like dat fader ob yours. He allus let dat Tommy Bounce make a fool ob him, and so do you. G'long 'bout you work, now, or I warm you," said she, returning to the kitchen, there to join in her mind with her husband and son, that Tommy Bounce was still just as bad as ever he was.

And so he was, although he quickly developed business qualifications of the first order when set to work at his trade. Both he and Bill Gunn were that kind of fellows who are so made that they cannot help mingling mischief with business or whatever they might be doing.

But as a general thing they used to have more fun with Bill's ventriloquism than anything else, especially if they could only get Ted O'Thump, the teamster, for a victim. In fact, they had lots of fun with their fellow workmen generally, but they never gave it

"Begorra, but he must be a sound slaper if this hammering would not rouse him," said Ted, driving in another nail.

"Hark! I thought I heard him!" said Bill, listening anxiously.

"Och, ye hearn the divil more loike."

"Did you look into the straw before you nailed the cover down?"

"I did not. Fut wud I luck in it for?"

"Why, he was all covered up in the straw. He probably came into the yard, and seeing the box filled with straw, he regarded it as quite a luxurious bed, and so rooted himself into it for a snooze."

"Och, the divil! Haven't I anything to do but hunt around in the straw for tramps? But ye bet he got out of that before I came, or I'd have bounced him out inter the strate wid a kick, so I wud," said he, driving in still another nail with a vim that showed that he meant that it should stay where he had put it.

"Hark!" exclaimed Bill.

"At what?"

"Don't you hear him?"

"Divil a wanst," said Ted, listening.

"I do, and I'll bet you have nailed him up in there."

Ted looked a trifle disturbed, but said that he didn't believe anything of the kind.

"I say!" called Bill, knocking on the top of the box with his knuckles. "Are you there, Mr. Tramp?"

"Yes. What are you making such a noise for?" came as if from the inside of the box.

"Howly mother!" exclaimed Ted.

"Didn't I tell you?"

"Bad luck ter the spalpeen," growled Ted.

"Come, old man, you had better turn out," called Bill, knocking as before.

they went to a window where they could see Ted pry off the cover of the box.

The Hibernian was as mad as a wet cat, and went savagely to work, all the while growling and cursing the supposed tramp.

"Och, me foine lad, let me lay hands on ye onct an' I'll bet ye a new hat that ye won't care to take lodgings around here again, right away."

It took him quite a while to get the cover off again, but as he threw it aside, he flung away his hat, and with a wild whoop of vengeance, he dove into the straw for the purpose of snatching the tramp bald-headed.

But, of course, there was no tramp there to enjoy the luxury of being snatched.

Ted was mad enough to make sure of that fact without loss of time, but the look of consternation which crept over his face as he stood there with his arms full of straw, was a study for an artist.

Bill and Tommy laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks as they beheld him, and it was nearly five minutes before Bill could recover himself sufficiently to go out and interview him.

And there he found him, standing before that box, looking bothered and wild-eyed.

"What have you done with him, Ted?" he asked.

"Sure there was nobody in here at all—at all."

"Is that so? I thought I heard him."

"So did I, but it wasn't so. But I wonder fut the divil it was, anyway?"

"Oh, you're trying to fool me."

"Begorra, but it's fooled I am, meself."

"I know how it was. You tried to get away with the tramp and he was too much for you," said Bill, laughing.

"Oh, go ter ther divil, anyway," said Ted, seizing the hammer and going to work to replace the cover again, and as there seemed to be no more fun to be

squeezed out of him at that time, Bill went to his work and allowed him to continue his.

And so time sped along with a light step, and until three years for which they had bound themselves to learn the carpenter trade had passed, and both Tommy Bounce and Bill Gunn became masters of their business, at the same time having had quite as much fun as when in college or at Mr. Slam's school at Fir Dell.

But neither of their fathers had any intention of keeping them at their business. They simply intended that it should be a foundation on which to build a business of a different kind, although very essential for its success.

Mr. Bounce and Mr. Gunn had talked the matter over, and finally reached a conclusion respecting the future of their sons.

But of course they did not reach this conclusion without consulting their tastes, and the result was that each of the fathers put in one hundred thousand dollars, and bought out a large lumber-yard on the west side of the city, and put them into it to see how they would prosper in the business.

Well, they prospered first-class, both of them taking to the business kindly, and, in spite of all the deviltry there was in them, they increased the trade on every hand until they came to be regarded as the most prosperous firm in the lumber trade.

By this time they were both of age, and, as a natural consequence, were not slow, either of them, to fall in love and get married.

But the funniest thing about it was, that they fell in love with twins, looking so much alike that it was with the greatest difficulty that they could be told apart.

This gave rise to all sorts of comical combinations during their courtship, for there was a continual uncertainty as to whether Tommy was courting Bill's girl, or whether Bill was not saying sweet things to his.

Tommy tied a piece of blue ribbon to his girl so as to prevent these mistakes, but as the girls were quite as full of mischief as they were, they would sometimes let Bill's girl wear it, or at other times when they called on them, they would both have the same kind of ribbon on, and then enjoy the fun of seeing this confusion.

Then Tommy would buy his girl presents of jewelry and the like, but they would still tease them by first one wearing the trinkets and then the other, so that the two friends were continually in hot water.

"This will never do," thought Tommy. "I don't care to get married to a girl that I cannot distinguish from some other fellow's," and so he looked about for some remedy, the result being that he presented his girl with a bottle of stuff for bleaching the hair, telling her that it was a new and delightful hair tonic.

But even this did not work, for the twins never had anything they did not share, and the next time Bill and Tommy called on them they found that both had become blondes, and it was just as impossible to tell one from the other as ever it had been.

"Bill," said Tommy, "I'll toss up a cent to see whether you or I chop off an ear of our girls, so as to make sure of marking them or recognition."

"I'll do it," said Bill, cheerfully.

"But I guess we have got something to say about this matter," said the girls.

"Well, so you have, come to thing about it; but how are we going to mark you?"

"I'll tell you what we will do," said one of them, "I will have my ears pierced for rings."

That settled it, so long as the other did not follow suit, but as Bill's girl did not like to wear earrings, Tommy's had hers pierced, and he bought her a pair of magnificent diamonds; so as long as this arrangement was kept up they had no further trouble.

Well, after a while they got married on the same

day, and had a great double wedding, at which the families of all the parties assembled, and there was a regular fashionable affair had.

This brings me very nearly to the end of my story, for there is little more to write.

Both of them settled down in business, and to-day the sign of "Bounce & Gunn, lumber merchants," can be seen on the west side, and it is admitted everywhere that they are not only doing the largest business of any concern in the trade, but that their credit is almost without question.

But they still have their fun whenever an opportunity presents itself, as for instance:

A couple of old Irish women stopped in front of their office one day and began to gossip about their neighbors, keeping up a rattle of tongues for an hour or more. Finally Tommy noticed them.

"I say, Bill, here's a chance to do a charitable act. Those old dames must be tired standing up there. Let us invite them in and give them chairs."

"No, let's carry chairs out to them," said Bill, and seizing one each they stole out and placed them behind the old ladies without their observing it, so deeply occupied were they in their chinning.

Tommy and Bill then stepped back into the door of their office to watch the result.

But they did not have to wait long before a crowd began to gather on beholding the strange and rather comical situation, and finally somebody asked them why they didn't sit down. Then they discovered the joke, and after kicking the chairs into the gutter they turned upon the jokers and gave them a tongue-lashing they will never forget; but they had their fun out of it, and that was all they wanted.

So matters went on, mingling pleasure with business, as they always had done since their acquaintance. And in this condition let us take our leave of them, always keeping a warm place in our hearts for TOMMY BOUNCE, JR., IN COLLEGE.

[THE END.]

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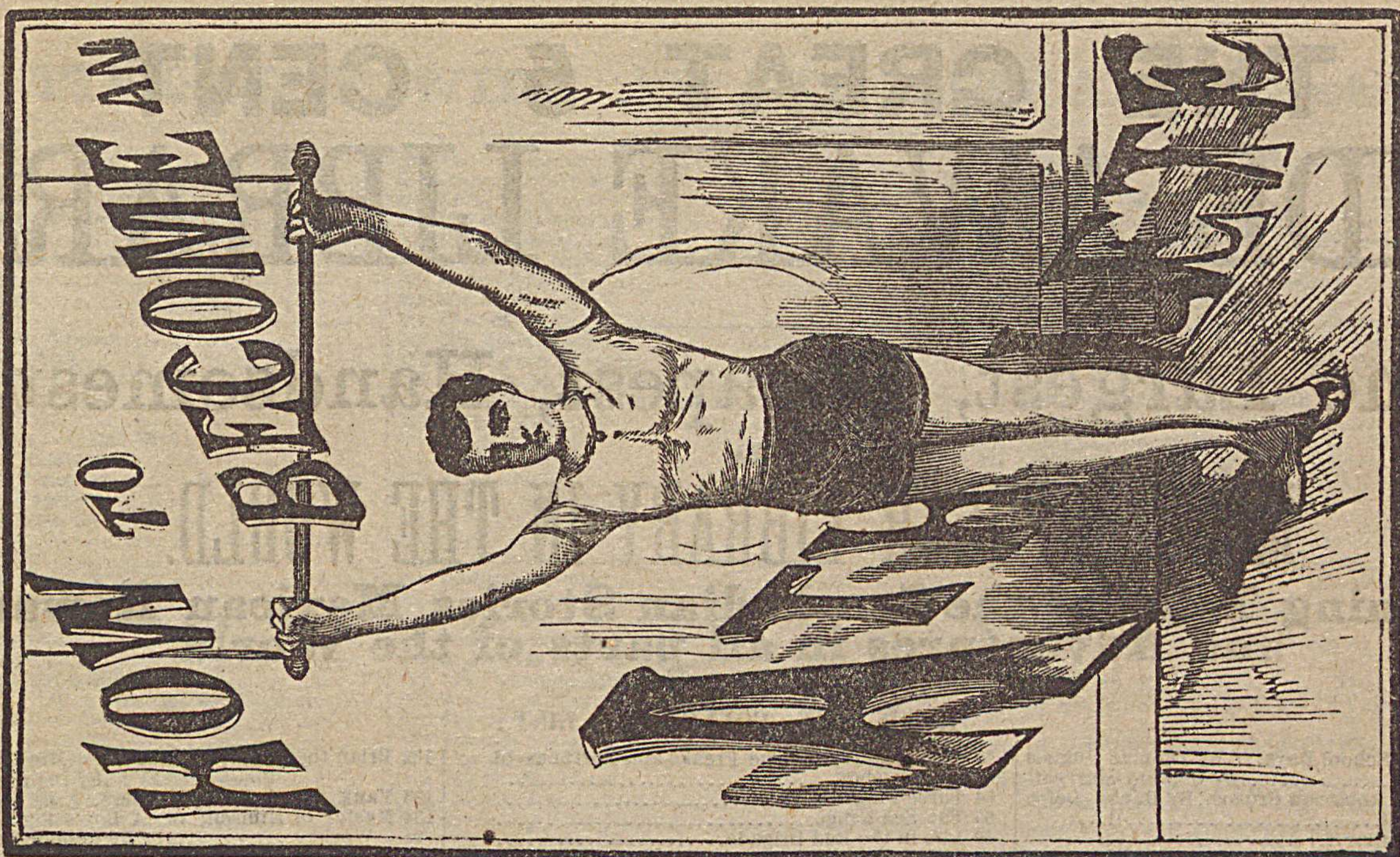
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